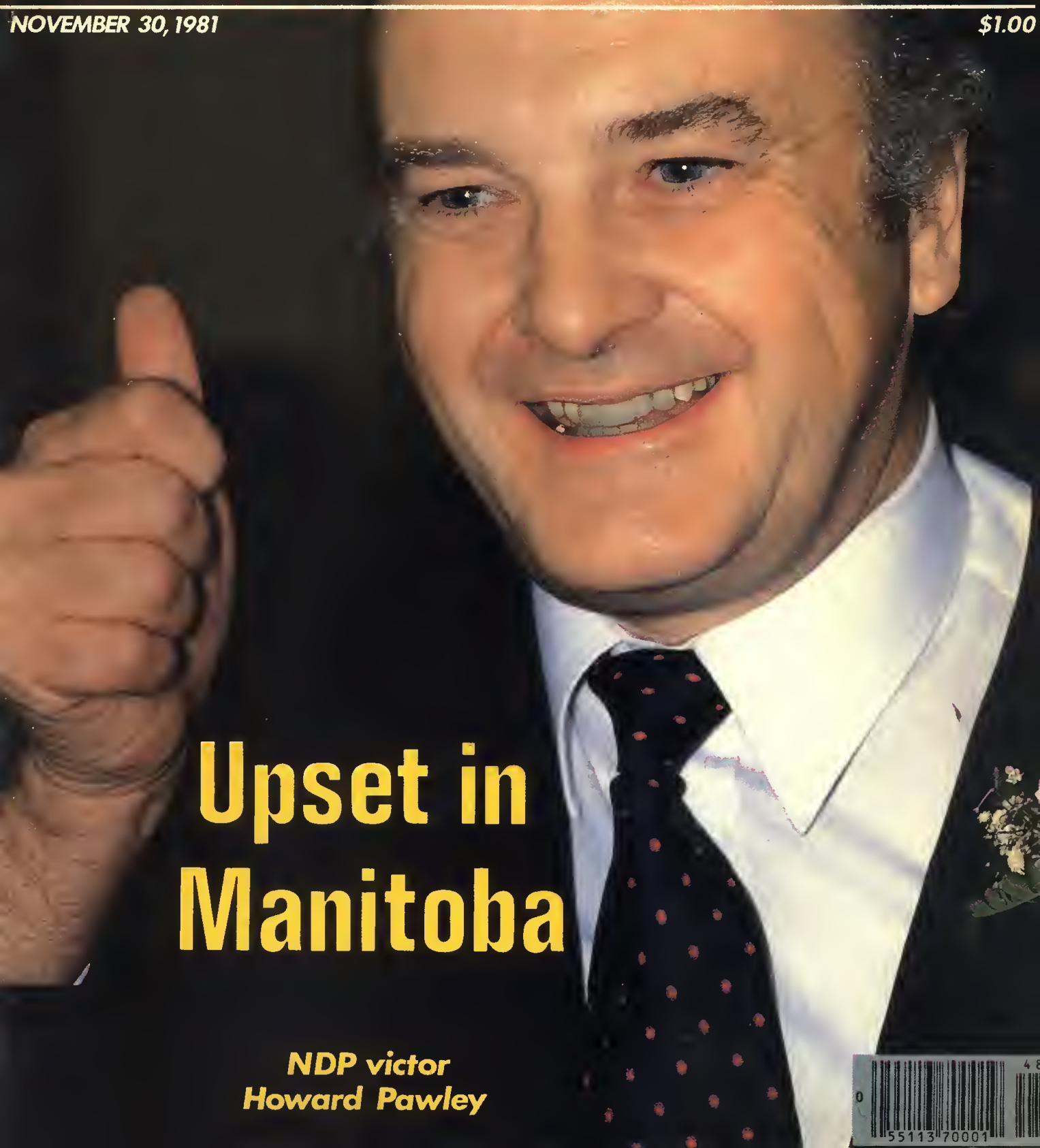
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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NOVEMBER 30, 1981

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Upset in Manitoba

NDP victor Howard Pawley

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Maclean's



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COVER STORY

Upset in Manitoba

Even Howard Pawley's most fervent supporters wouldn't call him charismatic but there is no doubt, after the NDP's stunning election victory in Manitoba last week, that he has a winning way. With a campaign that stressed shoe leather and quiet promises, he won a thumping majority, eliminating the Liberals and Progressives, and ending Manitoba's experiment in "neo-conservatism." —*Page 22*



Ulster's days of rage

Led by the fiery tirades of Rev Ian Paisley, Ulster moved to the brink of chaos. —*Page 31*

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The unfinished charter

Women and native groups fight desperately for inclusion in the charter of rights —*Page 26*



Back on the beat

Angie Dickinson who swore she would escape police roles is back as a cop again —*Page 38*



Preserving the past

"Gauguin to Moore' celebrates modern sculpture's passion for the primitive —*Page 54*



A dream disintegrates

Canada's soccer team fell short against Cubs and is out of the World Cup —*Page 40*

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EDITORIAL

If Reagan were a chocolate soldier the world would gobble him up



By Peter C. Newman

One of the continuing puzzles about the contest for world supremacy between Moscow and Washington is how much difficulty the Americans have in swaying public opinion. For a nation that prides itself on inventing modern mass-marketing techniques and spreading the Madison Avenue ethic throughout the free world, the Americans have been notably unsuccessful in persuading their own allies of the good intentions implicit in their foreign policy moves.

The best example of this trend has been the debate currently sweeping Western Europe about the desirability of dispersing 572 Pershing II and cruise medium-range nuclear missiles among the NATO countries. Public reaction to the contemplated deployment has been almost totally one-sided. Demonstrations in every NATO capital have successfully mobilized anti-U.S. feelings, with crowds of up to a half a million turning out to cheer attacks on Ronald Reagan by increasingly hysterical speakers.

In contrast, when a Soviet submarine carrying nuclear-tipped torpedoes ran aground off the Karlskrona naval base in Sweden, no pro-Western demonstrators could be found to rally in London or Bonn or Paris—and even in aggressively neutral Stockholm only a raggedy band of 400 people showed up. The incident was particularly galling because the Kremlin has long advocated a nuclear-free Nordic zone and boasted that it would maintain the Baltic as a "Sea of Peace."

Last week's dramatic offer by Ronald Reagan to keep his missiles on this side of the Atlantic if the U.S.S.R. dismantled its bristle of 250 triple-headed nuclear SS-20s now in place and pointed at Western European capitals did little to change the situation. The U.S. president called it "a simple, straightforward, yet historic message"—and that's what it was. "With Soviet agreement," he said, "we could together substantially reduce the dread threat of nuclear war which hangs over the people of Europe."

Leonid Brezhnev lost no time in rejecting the offer, dismissing it as silly propaganda. The Kremlin seems to regard disarmament as a one-way street which allows them to maintain their arsenal of war intact, while the West is supposed to surrender its deterrent powers to the angry voices of an aroused public opinion. With Communist arms superiority thus safely assured, Soviet leaders would willingly freeze the balance of arms at present levels.

That's not the path to peace; it's a certain run to world suicide.

Maclean's

November 30, 1981

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Cracking cement

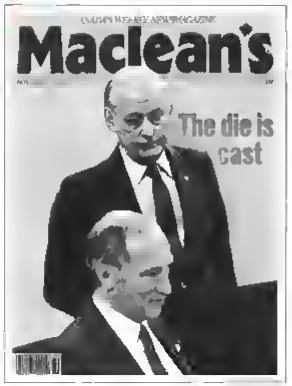
May I suggest a paraphrase to Peter C Newman's editorial on the constitution (Nov 16)? "The accord of Nov 5, 1981, will be carved in this country's history as one of those rare moments when our political leaders realized what the people of this country have known all along ..." that there are two classes of Canadian citizens, the favored: white, male, English-Canadian and then everyone else —M ANN CAPLING, *Calgary, Alta.*

Testing

Your article *Redefining Disabilities* (Labor, Oct 26) contains an inaccuracy. At the Oshawa battery or car assembly plants no one has been laid off as a result of high lead levels. Our procedure is preventive, with GM's medical staff testing employees' blood and urine regularly. If high levels persist, the employee is moved out of the battery plant to another plant. —N M HALL, *Manager, News Relations, General Motors of Canada, Oshawa*

Something's fishy

In between listening to good ole country music and mending my fishing nets, I just had to comment on your article *Four Fins Good, Four Legs Bad* (Canada, Nov 16). You Upper Canadians sure do understand us seafaring folk. Good thing my fat-bellied, cigar-smoking cousin from Toronto arrived in his



Trudeau and Lévesque: two classes

Mercedes-Benz in time to read the story to me and write this letter. He had a little trouble though: ever try to write with your nose so high in the air that you can't see the paper? You should be able to imagine it. And then be able to tell us in living stereotype.

—BET O TOOLE, *Saint John, N.B.*

True north, strong and free

I am becoming increasingly frustrated with the attitude of American corporations and government that Canada is simply a 51st state, open to coercion and exploitation (People, Nov. 16). The reaction of U.S. communications multimillionaire Walter H. Annenberg is a popular American response to Canada's attempt to govern itself. The Canadian government must take a strong, active stand in protecting Canadian sovereignty that will demand greater respect from Americans and lead to greater national pride among Canadians.

—BRAD DAVIDSON, *Winnipeg*

Someone's in the kitchen with . . .

I heartily endorse your concerns about the widespread use of our social insurance numbers, but there is confusion surrounding the use of the tarm "interactivity" (Podium, Nov 16). True interactivity refers not only to accessing a data base for further information within a preset program, but also to the ability of a home respondent to change a data-base program.

—WM DOUGLAS KIRBY, *Halifax*

Poles apart

Your article *Drifting Toward Military Rule* (World, Nov. 9) was a childish attempt at manipulation. You tried to create the idea that events in Poland are leading to martial law, but at no point did you substantiate the claim. The article is filled with talk about strikes and food storages, with only two vague sentences dealing with the title. The fact that another general has entered cabinet, and troops are routinely moved about, is no proof. We are not interested in what you *wish* were happening in Poland, but in what is in fact happening. —PETER McVEY, *Kingston, Ont.*

PASSAGES



RETAINED: The world chess championship by Russian **Anatoly Karpov**, 30, whose longtime rival, **Viktor Korchnoi**, 50, resigned during an adjournment in the 18th match in Merano, Italy. Karpov, world champion since 1975, is the first player in 27 years to successfully defend the crown twice. His victory in the shortest match in International Chess Federation history carried a prize of $280,000.

RESIGNED: **James Rinehart**, 50, from the presidency of General Motors of Canada Ltd. Rinehart, who spent less than 10 months on the job, gave no reason for leaving except that he was joining Clark Equipment Ltd. of Buchanan, Mich., as its president and chief executive officer.

DIED: Violinist **Wasyl Kohut**, 29, founding member of the defunct folk-rock band **Cano**, after suffering a burst aneurysm, in Toronto. The Sudbury, Ont.-based Cano disbanded earlier this year when lead singer **Rachel Paiement** left to start a solo career. Kohut and five others reformed as **Masque**. Their first album was released this fall and they were rehearsing for a tour when Kohut collapsed.



DIED: American leading man **William Holden**, 63, accidentally, in his Santa Monica, Calif., apartment. The Oscar Award-winning star of *Stalag 17* and more than 50 other films, including *Sunset Boulevard* and *Network*, apparently bled to death after striking his head in a fall. The body was not discovered until four or five days later by the manager of the building.



DIED: **Bob Eberly**, 65, popular swing era singer of such songs as *I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face* in his daughter's Glen Burnie, Md., home after a prolonged bout with cancer. A native of Mechanicville, N.Y., Eberley started singing with the **Dorsey Brothers Orchestra** when he was 17. When the brothers separated, Eberly stayed with **Jimmy Dorsey** while **Tommy Dorsey** hired a new vocalist, promising young crooner **Frank Sinatra**.

RESIGNED: Former provincial court judge **Joseph Daigle**, 47, from the leadership of the New Brunswick Liberal party after more than three years in the position. Daigle brought the party to within three seats of defeating **Richard Hatfield**'s Progressive Conservatives in 1978, but his support in the caucus has dwindled in recent months.



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A cry from ivied halls

Your article *The Crisis in Universities* (Education, Nov. 9) leaves me confused. I am just a simple student trying to view the situation from that perspective. Students live for a year on whatever they can raise, beg or borrow during the summer. Is it right to turn these Canadians away and at the same time support and educate foreign students who soak up all they can, then return to their own countries? We are the future Canadian society. Will the government deny us this small privilege in order to finance spaceships and foreign affairs?

—LORI BERTIN,
Fredericton, N.B.

Going directly to jail, sans nose

You will be pleased to hear that after writing this I intend to go to the nearest FBI office and turn myself in. Being one of Weather Underground veteran Katherine Boudin's "generation," I am apparently indicted in violence attributed to that group (World, Nov. 2). All of this is nonsense, of course, as I'm just as likely to rob a bank as cut off my nose.

—A.C. EDWARDS
Seattle, Wash.

Sick and tired

As a 50-year-old victim of cancer, I have been on and off work for three years (Labor, Oct. 26). My productivity has been cut in half since my operation. I paid Sun Life toward a disability pension for 30 years. Today, I am ready to live on 60 per cent of my salary and get out of the rat race before it kills me. But Sun Life does not see any visibly permanent impairment. Redefining disabilities is an important matter. My best wishes to Gerry Milton with his suit.

—LISE NEWMAN
Montreal



Protesters: begging and borrowing

Falling off the wagon

In an attempt to draw a historical parallel between the constitutional problems facing Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau today with those of Sir John A. Macdonald in 1864, you credit the latter with "pulling" George Brown onto the bandwagon (Canada, Nov. 2). It was Brown who started the Confederation bandwagon with a motion that was passed by the 1864 assembly to establish a select committee to investigate the possibility of the union of the British North American colonies. Macdonald voted against the motion, and was a convert only after he saw a way of saving his political hide!

—W.E. ST. CLAIR,
London, Ont.

Clean, sober and literate

Your story *Dateline: Appalachia* (Oct. 19) is by far the best and most honest piece that I have ever read about a coal mining area. It was done with compassion and respect for the people. Every other story about coal miners pictures us as a group of unwashed, drunken, illiterate barbarians.

—ANTHONY TROICUK
Glace Bay, N.S.

Cart and horse made in Japan

You are right on target about Canada's ineffective competition laws (Editorial, Nov. 2). However, you imply that Japan's success is a function of large-sized operations, which is putting the cart before the horse. Japan, on the whole, has paid attention to product reliability and to price, thereby increasing sales. The simpleminded notion that larger organizations must have lower costs does not have compelling economic evidence. We need a law that rewards producers for real contributions and discourages mergers that decrease employment and increase prices.

—ROBERT R. KERTON,
Waterloo, Ont.

A lesson for the learning

From North America's viewpoint, it is wonderful to watch politicians such as Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou of Greece and President François Mitterrand of France rise to power (Cover, Nov. 2). Good luck to Felipe González of Spain, and let's hope none of these figures loses sight of his ideals. They have much to teach Europeans and even more to teach North Americans.

—LISE JOHNSON,
Victoria, B.C.

Bashing the giants

What is lacking in Bruce Hutchison's *Podium* (Nov. 2) is any reference to the chartered banks and large conglomerates that place more control of this country's wealth in fewer hands. For these people the profit motive is the measuring stick, and the individual's peace of mind, freedom from fear and this nation's self-confidence and unity mean little.

—PAUL SURGOYNE,
Winnipeg

Child's play

Children are a resource to be nurtured, not a problem from which to escape (Justice, Nov. 2). Bravo to the three provinces with legislation to prevent discrimination against families with children. We have no children and live in a complex that has many. We consider our lives to be enriched by their presence.

—NICOLA AND MALCOLM SIMS-JONES,
Ottawa

There is no doubt that kids will cause more minor damages than adults, especially when proper facilities are not provided. And because the damages are minor, it doesn't pay to go to court. So, next time around—all things being equal—a landlord takes the couple without kids. Legislation will not provide a single apartment for anyone with kids unless landlords want to rent to them. It will only add to the frustrations of landlords who feel that the laws are greatly biased in favor of the tenants already.

—RUDY ZRILL,
President, Lambton Landlords' Association, Corunna, Ont.

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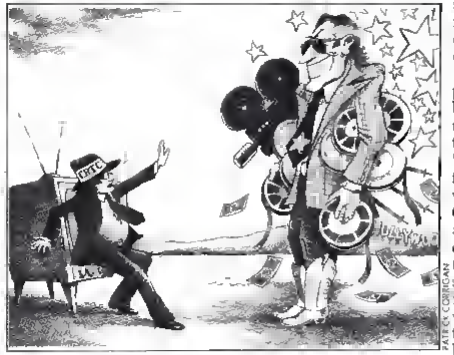
Invasion of the culture snatchers



By Harry J Boyle

After 10 years of debate, television paid for by subscribers will probably be available in Canada by mid-1983. Leading up to this, last month applicants for pay-TV licences met in Hull, Que., at the pay-TV hearings of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC), where the atmosphere was more like that of a gathering of prospectors looking for a mother lode of dollars than of a group capable of influencing our national creative life for years to come. CRTC Chairman John Meisel sensed this and stressed that pay-TV must produce "a flow of Canadian dollars for Canadian producers." While in the past promises of Canadian content have all too often faltered, Meisel stated vigorously that with pay-TV, the CRTC will "make sure people will do what they say they are going to."

The highly competitive applicants were, for the most part, wildly optimistic about their potential to deliver the goods. Six of the 27 asked for five-year licences and promised expenditures ranging from $135 million to $300 million to fulfil the demands of the Broadcasting Act for Canadian productions. But, sadly, the services they proposed would consist primarily of first-run American movies.



PATRICK CORRIGAN

The job of the CRTC is a tough one. Since the commission is an independent agency, politicians normally keep mum when it is in deliberation. Thus CRTC members must have been jolted by a report, following the hearings, that Francis Fox, the federal minister of communications, favored using mostly Hollywood films to start pay-TV services and to help build Canadian content gradually. Since the CRTC reports to Parliament through Fox, I suggest Chairman Meisel consider the apocryphal advice of former CP Rail president N. R. Crump on catching porcupines. "Sneak up and slam a washtub over him," said Crump. "This gives you a place to sit and think about what you are going to do with him."

The premise of using revenue derived from the showing of primarily American movies to cultivate a new cornucopia of Canadian films and television is a dubious one. Our record of attempting to achieve this with generous tax credits hasn't worked very well. The odd freak makes money at the box office, and some with a little distinction go through the television mill, but most of the resulting films languish in storage because distributors say they aren't worth showing. Cracking the great movie market in the U.S. is a myth. The same is true of American television. Because there's currently a great scramble in that country to program satellite channels to the estimated 11 million U.S. cable subscribers, Americans are willing to show almost any programs they can find. But once things are sorted out, they'll go back to the old way of doing business—American programs for mass American distribution. The pattern will be no different from that of 1974 when American television networks annually exported 150,000 hours of programming, and imported between 10 and 12.

We in Canada should know better. We have a good broadcasting system, with distinctive Canadian programming, because we have subsidized it out of the public purse. Even though we have a healthy private broadcasting industry, the CBC is still the mainstay of Canadian broadcasting, despite the availability on cable of four American channels. We are also fortunate to have the publicly supported National Film Board (NFB). Over the years it has enjoyed international recognition. Yet the sad thing about the pay-TV hearings has been the lacklustre appearance of the CBC and the NFB. Instead of boldly seizing the initiative to make pay-TV distinctively Canadian, the CBC and the NFB numbly seemed to accept the premise that we can have an indigenous movie industry based on golden crumbs from the feast of Hollywood products. They also failed to demonstrate the leadership that would have attracted independent Canadian producers to join with them in a creative partnership.

One unorthodox licence applicant, TELECANADA Inc., a brave nonprofit group, had a rough time. The media dubbed their proposed service as a "mandatory universal," in effect, a tax. TELECANADA's bid, which proposed to begin with 60 per cent Canadian material, a figure that would increase each year with revenues, asked for priority over other subscriber-supported services. If its bid were accepted, the CRTC would determine how much of the $2.50-per-month cost could be passed on to subscribers and how much would be absorbed by the cable systems—in effect, what the CRTC now does with costs of non-broadcast services such as weather and stock market reports, airline schedules, news and the community channels the systems elect to carry.

To call the monthly $2.50 a tax is a misnomer. Even if it were, it would be petty cash compared to the billions of dollars of taxpayers' money the government spends to put Canadian decals on gas pumps in trying to recover minuscule portions of our own natural resources. At that, seeing Petrocan on a gas pump will have less effect on national consciousness than the showing of such films as *Mon Oncle Antoine* or *Who Has Seen the Wind*.

I don't know what the CRTC can do to save the situation. But it must try, because pay-TV is the opening that will allow our enormous cable and satellite distribution system to be smothered with foreign material. The CBC and the NFB have to be roused from their torpor. We need them, as well as independent producers, entrepreneurs and some public money, to create film and television that's made by Canadians for Canadians. If we don't, our splendid broadcasting system will be flooded, not so much by American culture, but by the neutered ooze from Hollywood that's tailored solely for commercial exploitation anywhere in the world.

Harry J. Boyle, former chairman of the CRTC, now writes and talks for a living.

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The good, the bad and the ugly

By Iain Guest

The trio of vultures circled in the hot, breathless air, high above the border between the Sudan and Uganda. There was a kill below, but was it the work of a lion or something more sinister—poachers? Nobody was taking any chances. Automatic weapons at the ready, four members of the 90-man team of rangers guarding Kidepo National Park in northern Uganda crouched down in the long grass, prepared for any eventuality. To their relief it was only the carcass of a hartebeest, freshly killed by a lion. Often, though, such discoveries have led to sharp and bloody clashes with poachers from the neighboring Sudan. Early in February, Augustin Bendebuli, chief park ranger at Kidepo, was awakened by the sound of shooting. He rushed to the scene with a group of rangers and Ugandan soldiers and found the kind of barbarous scene that has become tragically familiar in Africa's game parks: two young female elephants and a four-year-old calf painfully and fatally injured by machine-gun bullets. In a matter of seconds they also realized that the poachers had set an ambush. Two soldiers and one of Bendebuli's rangers were killed in the hail of machine-gun and mortar fire that followed. The rangers describe the poachers as "merciless—but clever."



Dead elephant: merciless but clever

One of Uganda's three national parks, Kidepo extends for 500 square miles, occupying the northernmost corner of the area of Karamoja—the vast, underpopulated region of Uganda that became synonymous with death and desolation last year when an estimated 30,000 people, about one-tenth of the area's total population, perished from famine. Throughout this trauma and the turmoil that followed the ouster of Ugandan dictator Idi Amin in 1979, Kidepo Park has known its own troubles. For rangers like Bendebuli and deputy chief ranger Peter Abin Logwe, life has been a day-to-day struggle to protect the park's dwindling wildlife against marauders. The War of Liberation following Amin's fall decimated the wildlife in Uganda's two other main parks, Murchison Falls (renamed Kabalega) and Rwenzori. According to one estimate by noted elephant expert Iain Douglas-Hamilton, who conducts an anti-poaching campaign in Uganda, the number of elephants in Kabalege has fallen from 15,000 in the 1960s to just 1,000, and in Rwenzori from 3,000 to 150. But while hungry Tanzanian soldiers and Ugandan militia slaughtered the elephants in Kabalega and Rwenzori, Kidepo was too far to the north to bear the brunt of the war and lost only half its elephant herd of about 800. (Rhinos have been less fortunate; their population is down from 50 to just two.)

Despite the immense tragedy of the war and famine, the resultant chaos has helped to isolate and protect Kidepo. After Amin's ouster, the armory at Moroto, capital of Karamoja, was sacked, and millions of rounds of ammunition and guns were stolen. These were used with deadly effect by renegade Karamojong tribesmen. Like the nomadic Masai and Turkana tribes in neighboring Kenya, the Karamojong drink a traditional mixture of cow's milk and blood, which they extract from the live animal by making an incision in its jugular vein with a knife or arrowhead. The mixture, rich in protein, sus-

Karamojong tribesmen drawing blood from cow's jugular vein. thousands died



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Kidepo ranger: sharp, bloody clashes

tains the nomadic and genetically peaceful Karamojong, often for weeks at a time while they herd their cattle. Emboldened by their newfound fire power, the rebel tribesmen swept north to Dodoth County, bordering Kidepo Park, and stole every head of cattle they could find. Deprived of their basic food and hit by the drought, their law-abiding fellow tribesmen died by the thousands.

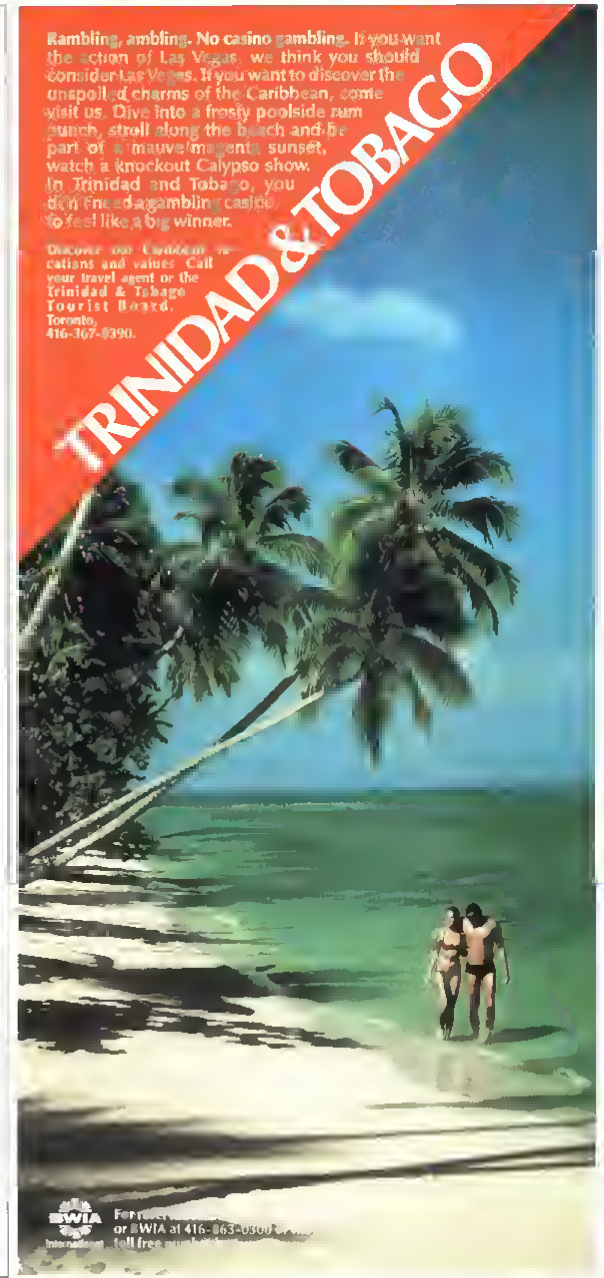
The banditry has continued, and few tourists have been prepared to brave the horrors of famine or a confrontation with rifle-waving cattle raiders. Ugandan President Milton Obote's recent austerity budget, together with a chronic fuel shortage, may have done the rest in protecting the park. The return journey from the capital city of Kampala to Kidepo over winding dirt roads can consume as much as 227 L of fuel. At present black market prices, that would cost about 500,000 Ugandan shillings—equivalent to about $700 (U.S.).

While Kidepo's isolation has helped to insulate the park, it has also meant that the rangers' lonely and dangerous battle against poachers has gone largely unnoticed. Ten rangers have been killed and countless numbers injured since Kidepo opened in 1962. Almost all the rangers are Karamojong, and they have valiantly stuck to the job—even going without pay for five months during the liberation chaos. (Pay is grossly inadequate: the average salary for a private is about $5 a month.) "This is hard work, and the pay isn't good. But the animals have to be saved," explained Logwe after a gruelling day's patrol in the park, which began at 4 a.m. and ended in the stillness of evening. Almost all the poachers are Sudanese soldiers from a large army base just across the border from Kidepo. (Despite the famine, very few poachers come from the Ugandan side.) In the past two years the poachers' forays have become more numerous as the southern Sudan experiences its own food shortage. The poaching soldiers are normally accompanied by civilians who slice up the meat and hack out the elephant tusks.

The rangers' courageous campaign has gradually attracted the attention of foreign aid agencies, and—more important—their money. Relief officials are unstinting in their praise. "Absolutely magnificent," says Melissa Wells, an American diplomat who, until recently, headed the United Nations Development Programme (UNDP) in Uganda. In fact, thanks to the enthusiasm of Wells, the UNDP is giving $400,000 to the anti-poaching program over the next year, and the European Community (EC) has donated a fleet of Land-Rovers. Some question the ethics of pouring money into wildlife when humans are suffering, but both the UNDP and the EC are keen on development projects, as opposed to emergency relief. And both are confident that the park rangers offer one of the few guarantees in modern Uganda that the money will be well spent.

Despite the success so far, Kidepo's relative tranquillity is balanced on a knife's edge. There are small signs that rangers who were transferred to the other two parks and who have returned to Kidepo have begun to corrupt their fellow rangers. Recently, the cook working for a British voluntary agency at Kaabong, some 80 km southeast of Kidepo, served a delicious buffalo stew to visitors. The fact that he had been previously employed in Kidepo suggested that the rangers are supplementing their meagre pay with fresh meat—albeit of a less endangered species.

Wildlife specialists in Uganda have recently expressed concern at the amount of ivory making its way down from the northeast to Kampala, where it is said to be packed and transported to neighboring Burundi (which has no restrictions on the trade of animal products), and thence to Hong Kong. All agree that the killing will not stop until some agreement is reached between the Sudan and Uganda, since a sizable amount of this ivory comes from elephants that wander across the border from Kidepo into Sudan. Selfishly, though, some of Kidepo's regular patrons do not relish the future, be it further upheavals in Uganda or a return to the old days and a sudden influx of tourists. Either alternative would probably expose Kidepo to the harsh world outside. ◇



The lilting voice of l'Acadie

By Wayne Grigsby

The hot glare of spotlights picks out the caramel in her mane of wavy hair as Edith Butler leans forward on a stool and starts to spin a yarn. This is opening night for Je m'appelle Edith, her new one-woman show. A cosy glow is spreading through Montreal's Théâtre du Nouveau Monde as the pride of l'Acadie explains her recent six-month sabbatical from show biz. A grinding 16-month coast-to-coast tour of more than 250 concerts and innumerable radio and television shows had left her burned out. On the advice of friends, she sought out a fashionable yogi, whom she hoped could show her the way to inner tranquillity. The stagelights dim, Butler leans back, closes her eyes and shows off her meditating style. Ommmmmmmm, she croons, and the crowd hushes. It's not easy, explains Butler, to empty one's mind of music. Woops. A song fragment just scooted through. Redoubling her efforts, Butler vows to get right down to the bottom of her consciousness. Her om is now awesome, a buzzing physical presence that has her audience transfixed. Her shoulders droop, her upper body slumps in visible relaxation. But unobtrusively, her toe has begun to tap. Few notice, until her knee follows suit. Then the om begins to dance a little, weaving in and out and around the rhythm of her tapping foot. Inexorably, it slides into the dancing melody of *Le Grain de Mil*, an infectious Acadian folk tune that dates back to the deportation of 1755. Chuckles in the crowd swell into whoops of joy as the audience clambers aboard this bandwagon heading deep into the heart of l'Acadie.

There's a striking irony in Edith Butler finding an ancient Acadian folksong dancing at the very heart of her. After 19 years as the low-key *passionara* of Acadian culture and song, Butler has lately come to feel a little smothered by the weight of singing for a whole people. This show was her deliberate attempt to play up Edith Butler, person, and play down Edith Butler, Acadian standard-bearer. Yet every time she opened her mouth to sing or chat, she simply reinforced how completely Acadian she is. Later at the four-storey mansion in Montreal that she shares with her manager and lyricist, Lise Aubut, Butler good-naturedly agreed that she had been upstaged once again. "I'm not complaining. I know it's a positive thing, a huge resource. But it's so strong."



FRANÇOIS ENARD

L'Acadie resonates in just about everything Edith Butler says and does. Sea breezes blow through her strong, clear voice when she flings it into the curlicues of uptempo jigs and reels. In the next breath she can chill an audience with a plaint she has written about the Acadian dispersal. Her stories, told in the lilting old-fashioned softness of Acadian French, reveal an instinctive wit and dramatic timing that evoke images of wood stoves, whittling and rocking chairs. A strapping, striking woman with blue eyes that really do twinkle, she exudes a warmth and vitality that turn concert halls into community singsongs.

Offstage, however, the strong and sure Edith Butler melts away. Like a rawboned rural schoolgirl in Mother Superior's study, she clashes with the provincial formality of her own living room. A massive chandelier dangles over the coffee table, which is bracketed by a demure pair of sofas. Silver-and-blue floral wallpaper contrasts sharply with her rumpled grey velour slacks, T-shirt, blouse and a quilted vest in the scarlet satin of a box of valentine chocolates. Only when a tour of the house finally winds its way down to the basement—with its fully equipped sound studio and the adjoining sauna and spa—does Butler finally look at home.

To the 39-year-old from Paquetville, N.B., the posh living room, the house in Outremont and the Mercedes-Benz parked outside mean she has arrived. That's important to a performer who has been an outsider for most of her professional life. Montreal is the epicentre of French-Canadian show business, yet moving there in 1973 meant putting an uncomfortable distance between her professional life and her Acadian roots. As a non-Quebecker in Montreal, she was a country cousin, an outsider trying to break into tight-knit cliques. A Radio-Canada producer advised her to lose her Acadian accent if she

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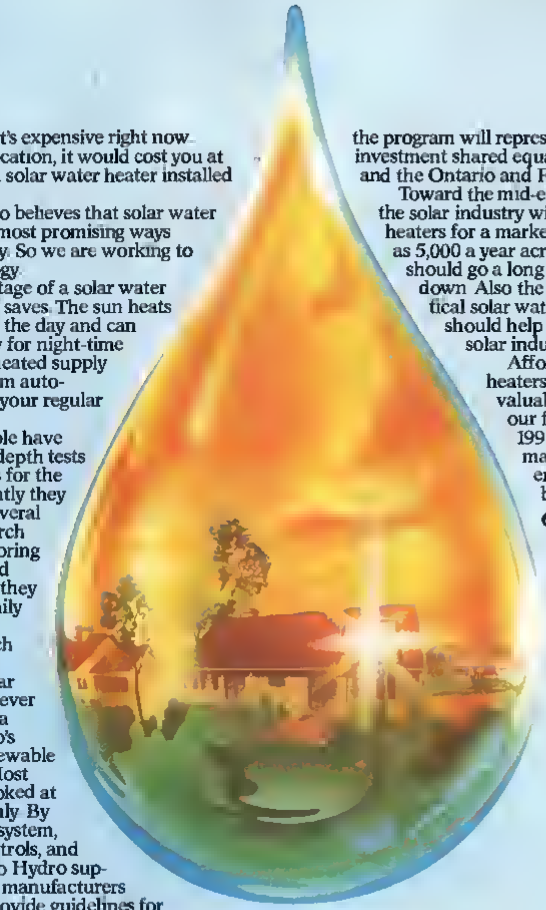
The Hydro research program is the most complete study of solar water heater systems ever undertaken in Canada and underlines Hydro's efforts to explore renewable energy possibilities. Most other studies have looked at the solar collectors only. By looking at the whole system, including pumps, controls, and storage tanks, Ontario Hydro supplies valuable help to manufacturers. The study will also provide guidelines for future solar water heater standards to be set by the Canadian Standards Association.

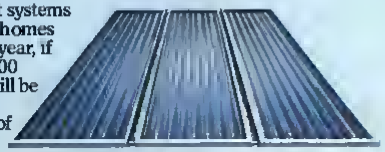
Besides the actual testing and monitoring of solar water heaters, Hydro is training staff to assist the industry in site selection, installation and inspection methods.

Some 50 more test systems are being installed in homes across Ontario. Next year, if all goes well, about 700 solar water heaters will be installed across the province. By the end of 1983, it's expected the program will represent a five million dollar investment shared equally by Ontario Hydro and the Ontario and Federal governments.

Toward the mid-eighties, it's hoped that the solar industry will start building water heaters for a market that could be as many as 5,000 a year across Ontario, which should go a long way to bringing the cost down. Also the development of practical solar water heating systems should help stimulate the Canadian solar industry in world markets.

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ever wanted to perform on the people's network. Concert promoters told her that her guitar-toting style was too folksy. CBC Radio's *Touch the Earth* turned her down because she wasn't folksy enough. Her name looked English, yet she sang in French. Conventional record companies didn't seem to know what to do with her, so Butler, along with Aubut, Angèle Arsenault and Jacqueline Lemay, formed SPPS Records in 1974. The odds were long against a four-woman record company in the male-dominated world of multinationals. But by pitching in and doing all the work themselves—Butler acted as president, bookkeeper and part-time shipping clerk—the company stayed alive. Butler's just-released album, *Je m'appelle Edith*, her fifth and the company's 13th, is expected to sell a respectable 25,000 to 35,000 copies.

Determination is a trait fundamental to Edith Butler's character. At the age of 4 she discovered that all her cousins spoke French and she didn't. So she announced to her mother that she was never again to be addressed in English. English had become the family lingua franca because Johnny and Lauretta Butler were the only francophones on the air base where Johnny was stationed during the war. It was only when they returned to Paquetville and the Butler family's general store that Edith discovered that she was deseended from a French-speaking Jerseyman who landed in New Brunswick in 1840.

The general store looms large in her memory. She used to hurry home after school to watch friends and relations parade through in search of shoes, molasses, nails, flour and, most important, conversation. "It was incredible, from another century. People sitting around on the big bench near the spittoon, telling stories and playing jokes on one another. Every once in a while some of it just pops out of my memory and gets incorporated into a song or a story." Paquetville life in the '50s was the stuff nostalgia is made of: Saturday-night reels, a cousin who played the fiddle and taught Edith the basics of the reels and jigs that had been passed down through generations.

It wasn't until she went away to Moncton and the college Notre-Dame-d'Acadie that Edith Butler heard the new folksongs of the '60s. A more important influence was the chansonniers, the singer-songwriters Georges Brassens and Jacques Brel from France, Félix Leclerc, Georges Dor and Gilles Vigneault from Quebec. "I couldn't believe what I was hearing," she reminisces. By combining what she learned from the chansonniers with the best of her traditional Acadian repertoire, she breathed



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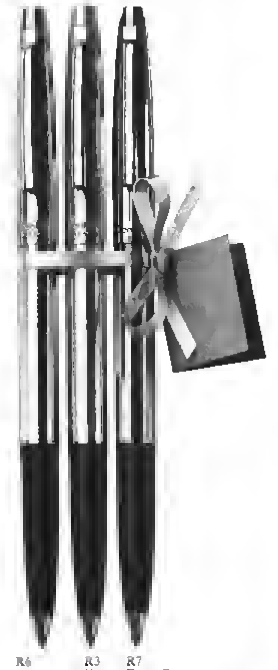
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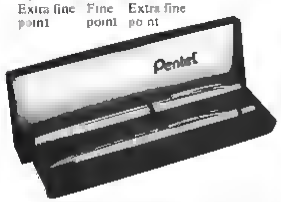


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HAROLD BOSTELL

With Lise Aubut at home, rawboned rural schoolgirl, emotional lightning rod

a new excitement into Acadian song. Before long she was a favorite performer at soirees around campus.

There was more to Notre-Dame-d'Acadie than new songs. Not only did the faculty set high academic standards, it also encouraged pride in the Acadian traditions. "Acadians at the time were reluctant to speak French outside the family or the village," explains Butler. "Our teachers told us we spoke a very old and very lovely French and not to be ashamed of it. Notre-Dame was as much a school of thought as a college."

Antonine Maillet, author of the Acadian classics *La Sagouine* and *Pélagie-la-Charette*, was both a student and a member of the faculty at Notre-Dame-d'Acadie. Sitting in the sunny living room of her house just down the road from Edith's, Maillet can clearly remember her as a summer student. "She was a splendid girl, physically and morally—morally in the sense that she did exactly what she believed and didn't hide it. She has a real facility for expressing what she is deep down."

Lise Aubut was struck by the same directness and force of personality when a record company suggested she manage Butler in 1973. Since graduating from Notre-Dame in 1964, Butler had done a little teaching, picked up a master's degree in folklore at Laval University and appeared at the odd concert and on CBC's *Singalong Jubilee*. It took a six-month contract at the Canadian Pavilion at Expo 70 in Osaka to convince her that she wanted to be a performer. In Aubut, Butler found the partner and guide she was looking for. "Everyone else wanted to change my name, my material and almost everything about me. She didn't," Aubut helped her winnow out her best songs and urged her to play up her Acadian accent and natural talent for storytelling. She also took on the grinding details: the bookings, the travel arrangements, the sound and light settings. The collaboration went even deeper. As Butler's lyricist, Aubut seems to function as an emotional lightning rod. "If she doesn't cry when I show her the words, I throw them out. I have to try to sense what she feels and say it for her because she can't. She's very secretive, very shy."

Direct but shy. The contradiction is fundamental to Edith Butler. She hates telephone conversations because she can't read the caller's eyes. There's a hunted quality to her wariness. "That's very typical of Acadians," chuckles Antonine Maillet. "We're a defeated people. We carry the weight of having been hunted through the woods and all the rest of it. That's why Edith—like most Acadians—is much more fox than wolf. Quebeckers are much more wolf. They attack. They have a homeland, a government, their language. We don't . . . we use ruses and slip off."

For the moment, Edith Butler is most likely to pull out the emotional stops in performance. But even then, it's likely to be in a passionate expression of l'Acadie, not herself. "I've always had trouble talking and singing about personal things," she admits. "In a way it's helped me push Acadia as far as I have. In talking about Acadia I was talking about myself through an image." Now that her music helped awaken a new pride in Acadian culture, however, she no longer has a sense of mission about it. Lately Butler has begun to look inward. "I don't have a lot of love songs on my records. But I think with this show I'm starting to open a little. We'll see where it leads." If she can explore this terrain with the same ardor she brought to Acadia, some great Canadian love songs may be just around the corner. ✧



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FOLLOW-UP

Arsonists and inmates



VANCOUVER SUN

Prisoners set fire to tents before moving back into rebuilt prison

The fires burned through the night. The early morning drizzle brought a contingent of blue-helmeted RCMP, German shepherd guard dogs and soldiers, ending the most expensive prison riot in British Columbia's history. Half of Matsqui medium-security prison was burned by inmates in a frenzy of destruction out of all proportion to the dispute that led to the riot: dissatisfaction with new pay scales that ended the overtime and bonuses of some privileged inmates working in the kitchen. Five months later, the debris has been cleared away, and a shrunken population of inmates is back in cells that are still being rebuilt at a cost of $5 million. Eleven prisoners face trial on mischief charges and three of them are also accused of arson.

The 184 inmates spent a rainy summer and fall in tents on the prison yard, complaining about cold food (the two meals served each day had to be brought from a nearby psychiatric centre) and leaking roofs. (Another 118 inmates were transferred to other institutions or were released.) However, the camp-out had its advantages: the inmates were given free run of the grounds after dark, while guards maintained security outside the razor-tipped wire surrounding the tents. Most inmates liked this form of self-government, although attacks during the night left one prisoner stabbed to death and two others badly beaten and sent to hospital. On their infrequent sweep through Tent City, guards found weapons and huge quantities of home brew made from leftovers—180 L in one search alone.

Finger-pointing was widespread in the weeks following the riot. Robert Gibb, president of the Inmate Committee, said that the guards panicked when the disturbance began and could have confined it to the kitchen if they had acted more quickly. Al Hadvick, a guards' union representative, agreed—up to a point. He blamed the administration for refusing to let the guards use tear gas. Federal Solicitor General Robert Kaplan defended the administration's actions and warned Matsqui's irritated neighbors that a riot could happen again.

Security changes at the prison make

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that less likely. Fences make it more difficult for inmates to move quickly from place to place. The three-storey building where the prisoners now live will have a separate entrance on each floor. These changes make Matsqui a hybrid prison, more like Kent, a nearby maximum-security institution where an uprising last summer was easily contained.

Before the riot, Matsqui was known as one of the most liberal and innovative prisons in the country. People living nearby complained that temporary absences and day parole were too easily granted by "soft" administrators,



HUBERT / VANCOUVER PROVINCE

Heavily armed RCMP riot squads inside prison following June uprising

while rehabilitation supporters praised the programs that offered university credits, apprenticeship courses and a theatre workshop. All these perks went up in smoke with the prison buildings. Temporary absences have been stopped, visits to inmates have been greatly reduced and the critically acclaimed theatre program is in limbo.

The shock of recognition that a riot could—and did—happen *here* has altered the mood at Matsqui. "We might have been deluding ourselves into believing that this sort of riot could only take place in a maximum-security prison," said Jack Stewart, regional prison spokesman. "After it happened we had a lot of sorry, sad inmates who would have liked nothing better than to turn back the clock." That's never possible. Today Matsqui prison, once the hope of prison reformers across Canada, is a place where both inmates and staff regard each other with fear and suspicion.

—MALCOLM GRAY

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COVER

UPSET IN MANITOBA

By Thomas Hopkins

In the humid crush of Winnipeg's Union Centre, NDP election worker Margaret Peters held her sign high, and the message was clear. Minutes before, the poster had read PAWLEY FOR PREMIER. But she had scratched out the FOR, scrawled in the word IS and jubilantly raised it into the blank white glare of a bank of television lights. For Peters and hundreds of other party workers shoe-horned into the spare Portage Avenue hall, the hastily copied sign was a happy, home-made symbol. It captured their swelling exuberance after last week's surprising sweep of the Manitoba provincial election by 47-year-old Howard Pawley and his rejuvenated New Democratic Party.

In a relentless textbook NDP campaign that stressed shoe leather and quiet promises, Pawley rocked combative Premier Sterling Lyon. When the votes were counted, the New Democrats ended up with a thumping majority of 34 seats to 22 in the now two-party Manitoba legislature.* In the process, Manitoba voters polarized along an eerily straight diagonal line that sliced the province from northwest to southeast. With 73 per cent of the electorate turning out on a dull, chilly election day, the Tories (44 per cent of the popular vote) held together an alliance of south Winnipeg blue-stockings and prosperous southern farmers. For its part, the NDP (47.3 per cent) prevailed with a heftier blend of north Winnipeg young and ethnic voters and the north.

The defeat brought to an end a four-year experiment in "neo-conservatism." That was the philosophy that was consistently propounded by the right-wing Lyon, who turfed out a sagging NDP government under then-premier—now Governor General—Ed Schreyer in 1977. But the election outcome—which leaves Lyon holding the dubious distinction of being the first Manitoba premier ever to be denied a second term—raises the question of whether program-slashing, civil-servant-sacking administrations are doomed to be one-term governments.

Certainly there were omens for the Tories. For one thing, Lyon's lifting of rent controls two years ago was a crucial factor in the Tory collapse. But the real roots and the source of a palpable anti-Lyon sentiment in the Prairie province go back to his government's early days in 1977. At that time, Lyon—later a frank and open admirer of Ronald Reagan's presidential campaign platform—tilted the province into a period of "acute, protracted restraint." Unlike many politicians of the time who found it fashionable to preach restraint, Lyon carried it out.

In short order, 1,300 civil service jobs were axed, funding was cut for universities and hospitals and heavy restrictions placed on social programs. Columnist Allan Fotheringham dubbed Lyon "a politician who taxed the rubber tips on crutches." Clearly, a program-happy Schreyer government had left fat to be trimmed. But the zeal with which Lyon and his snippers went about their work disturbed many, especially those in the middle of the political spectrum.

Still, despite the danger of long memories, and reportedly against the instincts of Sterling Lyon, the party decided to go to the people this fall, a full year before it had to. Strategists based the call on polls conducted by the Canadian branch of Detroit-based Market Opinion Research and Winnipeg political scientist Geoff Lambert that showed a four- to six-per-cent cushion. Farmers of southern Manitoba had been blessed with a bumper crop, and the national economy looked as though it was headed into a winter nose dive. At the same time, the Tories perceived the NDP to be in disarray, with three members of a right-wing rump—led by mercurial former cabinet minister Sidney Green—splitting off to form the new Progressive party.

In the end, the Tories decided to go. Their strategy was simple. They would run a majestic campaign stressing incumbency, their existing majority and the need for a new mandate in the manner of Ontario's Big Blue Machine. It proved to be extraordinarily difficult. Although there had been improvements in the preceding six months, Manitoba, once the capital of a Prairie wheat economy, was clearly the have-not weak sister of the four western provinces. Empty storefronts along Winnipeg's Portage Avenue reminded voters of the malaise. In the countryside, some 2,000 family farms had been lost and 40 per cent of Manitoba hog farmers had gone out of business. In 1980 the province tallied a net loss in population as young Manitobans moved west in search of jobs, fleeing an economy ravaged by drought and high interest costs.



Pawley family in victory: shoe leather and quiet promises

IAN WILLIE MACLEAN'S

With such a background, the Tory campaign ditty "Don't Stop Us Now" seemed like an insensitive joke. The NDP, meanwhile, were emboldened by successive federal elections that saw their representation in Ottawa climb from two MPs in 1974 to five in 1979 and seven in 1980—all at the expense of the Conservatives. They took advantage of the Tories in a flawless, carefully modulated campaign which saw Pawley pledge, among other goodies, a $23-million interest subsidization scheme and a $20-million Crown corporation, ManOil, to drill for oil. Their only real slip occurred in the final week when Pawley horrified party organizers by publicly stating that the election was in the bag.

By contrast, the befuddled Tories made nothing but mistakes. They began when rough-tongued rancher and Resources Minister Harry Enns caused a storm by referring to a female legislative reporter as a whore. Then they built a large portion of their campaign on promises of three so-called mega-projects—a $500-million Alcan aluminum smelter, a $600-million potash mine near the Saskatchewan border and a multibillion-dollar hydro grid to carry the province's surplus electric power to Saskatchewan and Alberta. The fact that the projects were still shimmering on the horizon did little for the Tory vote. Says University of Manitoba political scientist Paul Thomas: "My cab driver said to me, 'Look, I don't even know what a mega is.'"

It did not take one veteran Conservative campaign strategist, Senator Nate Nurgitz, long to realize that with two weeks left, the highroad campaign was foundering. And when Premier Lyon called from Ottawa on the Tuesday night before the constitutional accord was reached to get a reading on the campaign, he was told, in the words of one campaign worker, to "get his ass back here."

It was not difficult to convince him. His high profile from August, 1980, to August, 1981, as chairman of, first, the 10 premiers, then the Gang of Eight, had done his image little good at home. The gain in national visibility had been overshadowed by the loss in campaign time and a damaging perception of the parliamentary supremacist Lyon as an obstructionist, opposed to a charter of rights that many ethnic Manitobans favored. In a last-minute volte-face, Lyon the rousing Red basher—the campaign image so successful against Schreyer in 1977 but recently covered up—was turned loose again. The NDP became the "No Damn Progress" party, and crisp allusions were made to the *Russian* turbines installed in one of Ed Schreyer's hydro projects. More startling was the production of a string of monetarist heresies. In short order, and brushed with what many observers saw as a tinge of panic, Lyon announced a $53.5-million universal denticare schema, a $20-million mortgage relief scheme modelled on a Pawley program that Lyon had mocked two weeks before, and a new rent review proposal that would subject all increases to government scrutiny. A gleeful Pawley termed the largess "one of the most remarkable death-bed conversions in the history of Manitoba."



NDP headquarters on election night: 'this time we'll govern'

But it was too late. In the plush burgundy gloom at the Conservative election headquarters in Winnipeg's downtown Holiday Inn last week, the infamous Tory stilettos were gleaming. "Our campaign was a disaster," grumbled defeated candidate and former Winnipeg broadcaster John Robertson. In Ottawa, a weary Senator Nurgitz blamed the rent control issue ("We lost five points and two cabinet ministers on that alone") and ruminated that new blood should run the next campaign. Lyon himself was not immune. Calls for a leadership review were muttered, particularly among former supporters of the more Red Tory Sidney Spivak, loser to Lyon in a rancorous leadership race in 1975. Other leadership possibilities floated last week, including Manitoba MP Jake Epp and provincial Finance Minister Brian Ransom.

Certainly it was a sweet victory for some of the 50 or so NDP out-of-province organizers. Many of them are so-called "Manitoba Boat People," government officials ousted by Lyon's draconian civil service cuts in 1977. The victory had ramifications for other provinces as well. Asked if the win augured well for the NDP in British Columbia, BC party Communications Director Soran Bech glanced at Pawley jabbing a thumbs-up sign at the sweating crowd and smiled, "Yeah, and it's a lot closer to home than France."

As Manitoba businessmen found themselves facing yet another NDP majority, some worried about its effect on the mega-projects and investment. "There'll be an exodus of liquid capital to Alberta and BC," warned Alan McLaughlin, Winnipeg manager of the stockbrokers Pitfield, Mackay, Ross and

Pawleys (centre) and sign: a happy symbol



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN WIDER MACLEAN'S

Party standings at dissolution: Conservatives 32, NDP 20, Progressives 3 and Liberals 1.

Maclean's
VOL 94 NO 48

Co. Ltd But most adopted a wait-and-see attitude Says Robert Graham, president of Winnipeg-based Inter-City Gas Corp "I'm not expecting bad government at all This isn't a banana republic; life will go on"

Even more reassuring is the initial, mildly penitent, tone emanating late last week from the new government "We attempted to do too much in the last government," says Russell Doern, former public works minister in the Schreyer cabinet "We won't push hundreds of bills through this time We'll govern, which is very different"

Part of the businessmen's concern, however, is that even after 12 years in Manitoba politics and two years as leader of the Opposition, Pawley, a quiet man with a sprout of grey hair swept back from the temples and a vast plain of a forehead, remains curiously unknown (see following story) The campaign did little to help, because a soft voice and awkward style on the stump often made him sound more like a parliamentary Mr Rogers than a provincial leader ready to do battle with Ottawa (As one Tory concerned about what he believed to be Pawley's lack of toughness acidly put it, "Howard's a nice boy, but someone's got to pick up the Red Phone") Longtime Pawley watchers, however, say that view is nonsense "It would be a mistake to underestimate Pawley," cautions political scientist Paul Thomas "After 1977, he took a party that was little more than a personality cult to Ed Schreyer and created a fighting machine"

In any case, he lost no time last week repudiating Lyon's stand on the charter of rights, telling Prime Minister Trudeau that he favors the re-inclusion of entrenched guarantees of both aboriginal and women's rights in the proposed charter A Lyon caveat—that Manitoba's approval of the inclusion of minority language rights in the charter be subject to approval by the provincial legislature—was also quickly ditched following a phone call to Pawley from Justice Minister Jean Chrétien



Lyon and wife, Barbara: 'death-bed conversion'

Pawley's economic job will be formidable Helped by slowly declining interest rates that may make his mortgage scheme less costly and a superb crop, Manitoba's economy is slowly recovering despite the fact that Canada appears headed into a gloomy period Forecasters predict a modest two-percent real growth this year compared with last year's disastrous 2.3-per-cent decline The so-called mega-projects will undoubtedly provide relief, but they remain elusive Both Alcan and the Chicago-based International Chemical Corp., developer of the proposed potash mine at McAuley on the Saskatchewan border, say they are willing to sit down and reopen negotiations with the new government But in the case of Alcan, at least, soft world aluminum markets make the deal a shaky proposition

Although talks are proceeding at the ministerial level for the formation of an electric grid that would peddle Manitoba's vast hydro potential to its western neighbors, both Saskatchewan and Alberta have betrayed only polite interest during the four years Lyon has been trying to sell the scheme

Pawley planned to announce his cabinet this week, but as he headed off last week for a two-day retreat with his wife in the Gull Harbour Resort at Hecla Island, north of Winnipeg, he took time to emphasize that Manitoba's election results proved that neo-conservatism just doesn't work Certainly the rigor of Lyon's cuts, combined with a flat economy, appeared to have cost the Tories the middle

The Manitoba Liberals, led by a gallant new leader, United Church minister Doug Lauchlan, 50, failed to elect a single member and they saw their vote share plummet from 12 per cent in 1977 to six last week, with most of the slippage going to the NDP (The Progressive vote was negligible and the party will likely dissolve) Faced with the double burden of a hostile electorate and hard times, with many of the causes beyond his control, Lyon felt forced to fall off the government restraint wagon with a pragmatic thud in the last 10 days of the campaign Even if the ploy had been successful, his credibility as a program slasher would likely still have been irreversibly damaged To the extent that Sterling Lyon was a lamp bearer for a fashionable wave of late 1970s neoconservatism, last week's results were instructive For Lyon's beleaguered monetarist soul-mates, Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan, his must be a cautionary tale

The thoughts of Premier Pawley

On the Tory campaign "My first surprise was an early realization they were not prepared [They] appeared to be in utter chaos"

On neo-conservatism "Manitoba was the first economic laboratory (for neo-conservatism) and the results show it was just a disaster here I think it's a failure in Britain and that Reaganomics will be the same in the United States"

On the electoral mood "Certainly there is a distinct shift back toward the centre-left in Manitoba People were not horrified at our policies that would get the Crown involved in mineral and mining development Four years ago we would have had trouble selling that"

On the style of his government "We can't be so far ahead of the public that we don't know what we are doing and our programs become misrepresented or misunderstood That is a legitimate concern about the Schreyer years But we've matured, we've grown up as a party"

On his dull image "I've got my style and I'm not going to try to copy anyone else's I won this election on my own style."

The quiet, competent way to the top

One of Howard Pawley's stock jokes while he was running for the Manitoba NDP leadership in 1979 concerned his wonder as a boy over what his father's bull was doing with the cows over the barnyard fence It was the same thing, he would go on to suggest, that Tory Premier Sterling Lyon was doing to Manitobans The story didn't go over well with—among others—Muriel Smith, a former party president and opponent in the leadership race When she attacked Pawley for his sexist sense of humor, he dropped the bull joke—forever He also won the party leadership and went on to lead the NDP to last week's stunning upset of Lyon's Tories "He has learned a lot and is very supportive on women's issues," an admiring Smith now concedes

Pawley, 47, who will be sworn in as Manitoba's 19th premier on Nov 30 has definitely done his homework. In the past two years he has rebuilt a party shattered by Lyon's defeat of Ed Schreyer's NDP administration in 1977 Membership grew from 13,000 to 23,000, and a $250,000 deficit was wiped out He also set up travelling task forces to visit every area of the province and develop position papers But above all he brought new, younger blood into the NDP and his convinced people to work together rather than squabble "He's injected hope and optimism into the party and got it to believe in itself again," says Allen Mills, a University of Winnipeg political scientist "Pawley isn't a charismatic man and he favors the consensus approach, but he does understand astutely what makes for success in a social democracy"

That was never clearer than in the last few days of the campaign Pawley, the last traces of barnyard now replaced by a more sophisticated sense of humor, could brag to university students. "Sterling knows he has lost, and I wish him well as he makes his farewell tour of the province" Confident, almost cocky, the premier-elect was reaping the rewards of a political career based mainly on diligence and tenacity Certainly, his inclusion in the Schreyer cabinet in 1969 gave little hint of what was eventually to come—as minister of municipal affairs and government services he was the premier's 13th and final nominee Still, with a quiet, competent performance, he worked his way up the ladder, piloting through the province's controversial Autopac car insurance program (while one insurance executive threatened to "see to it that you are destroyed") He also built up important rural contacts as minister of municipal affairs and he was elevated to attorney general in 1973 In that position, Pawley forged precedent-setting family law reforms giving women a much fairer division of assets and more generous financial support after a marriage breakup



The Pawleys (Howard, Charysse, Adele and Christopher) at home

HENRY KALEN

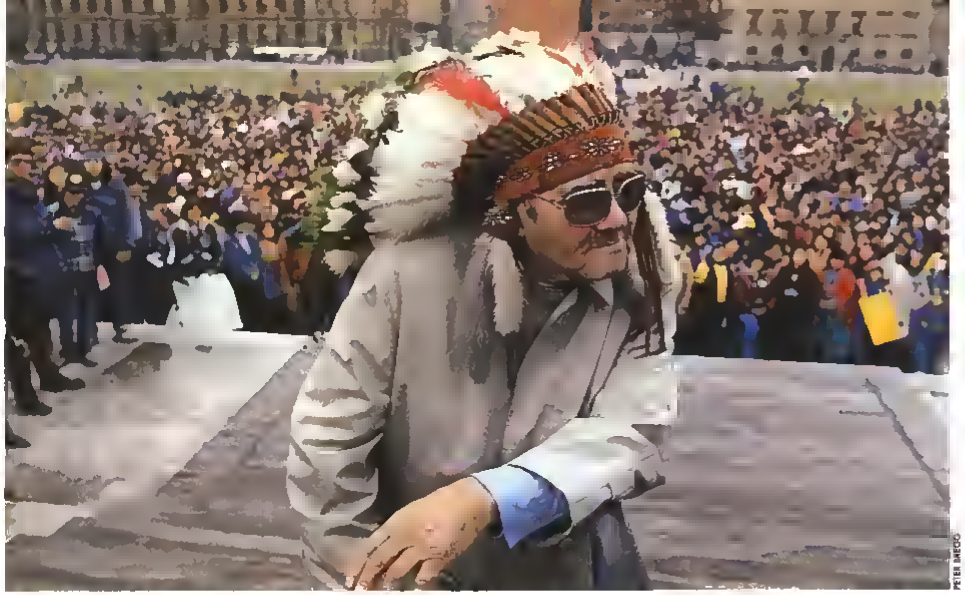
Nevertheless, even when he was elected interim party leader after Schreyer departed for the governor generalship in 1978, few thought he would be confirmed The six-foot, two-inch Pawley operates in such a low-key, almost self-effacing manner that he was seen more as a caretaker until brighter stars—such as ex-mines minister Sidney Green—could marshal their forces But in a timely and prophetic book on the Schreyer years published just before the election,* former public works minister Russell Doern points out that Pawley gained such a grip on the party in his 10 months as caretaker that other apparently stronger leadership contenders did not think it was worthwhile running "Under a gentle exterior lay an experienced professional politician," writes Doern "If Sterling Lyon was a slugger, Howard Pawley was a boxer He could go the distance He had never been knocked out. Lyon could underestimate Pawley at his own peril"

Born in Brampton, Ont., in 1934, Pawley moved to Winnipeg at 17 with his family, strict Methodists who allowed no smoking or drinking and no dancing, sports or movies on Sundays His father was a farmer who had been a candidate for the CCF—the NDP's predecessor—in the 1937 Ontario election Young Pawley briefly considered becoming a Unitarian minister but he opted instead for law He met his wife, Adele, a cousin of Ed Schreyer's, in a Winnipeg drugstore while he was articling, and they were married in 1960 They live with their two children, Christopher, 17, and Charysse, 15, on a 10-acre spread at Selkirk, a few kilometres north of Winnipeg, and they are known as a close family

Pawley has represented Selkirk riding since he was first elected to the Manitoba legislature in 1969 Now, as he puts together a cabinet and prepares to take over as the province's second NDP premier, he can look forward to support from many colleagues who got to know him well over the years Former leadership opponent Muriel Smith is one She says of her former foe "My relations with him are excellent and he sees his colleagues as partners, not as threats to his leadership He isn't a know-it-all As premier I think he'll err on the side of consultation before making decisions" Myrna Phillips is another The NDP victor in Winnipeg's Wolseley riding comments, "In the old days we had to thrash the bushes to find candidates worth running, but we have almost an embarrassment of riches now, and it's because [Pawley] rebuilt the party and made people want to join" And win

—PETER CARLYLE-GORDGE

*Wednesdays Are Cabinet Days *published by Queenston House Winnipeg.*



PETER BREGG

Chief Senapor Shingwauk and Indian protesters in Ottawa a charter of human rights—or federal-provincial powers?

NATIONAL

The unfinished charter

By Ian Anderson

Pierre Trudeau was uncomprehending No, he told reporters last week with a tiny shrug, he really had "no idea" what was concerning Canada's 1 3 million natives so much that they were protesting across the country Amid a flood of passionate rhetoric that followed the exclusion of a native rights clause from the constitution, the prime minister met with Indian, Métis and Inuit representatives. He seemed unimpressed "I honestly don't know what the native people of Canada want," he concluded Giving every indication of a man already bored with his "pretty good charter [of rights]," Trudeau maintained he had tried to save the native rights clause and to ensure that women's rights were hoistad out of the reach of political tampering But he would not jeopardize the historic accord with every province but Quebec by reintroducing either clause without approval from all nine signatory provinces

Like many of the nation's leading politicians in the lull following the Nov 5 accord, Trudeau was juggling the facts like pieces of Lego But witnesses to the feverish final round of deal-making remember no effort by Trudeau or Justice Minister Jean Chrétien to reinsert the native rights clause The prime minister simply suggested, as an apparent afterthought, that they discuss the orphaned section at the next meeting of first ministers "The charter went in as the charter of human rights and freedoms," chided Pat Hacker, one of the flock of women activists who shamed the male political leaders beck to the brink of reintroducing an unsulhad clause guaranteeing women's equality "It came out as the charter of federal-provincial powers," she declared

In a breathless rush to be on the side of the angels, political leaders across the country were busy clarifying their positions through the week By the time he opened debate on the constitution package Friday, Chrétien was able to predict, "We will go to London both with the entrenchment of women's rights and native rights in the constitution" Conservative leader Joe Clark jerked a few dozing brains back to consciousness when he reversed his year-long assertion that Ottawa must seek provincial accord for constitutional change Now, he asserted, Parliament must reinstate the two clauses unilaterally if necessary Then Ed Broadbent threatened to remove the New Democratic Party's support of the package unless the two changes were made But he could not suggest any alternative wording to the clause that most native leaders had condemnad as inadaquate to protect their rights

For his part, a thoroughly cowed Allan Blakeney bowed before a blizzard of telegrams and telephone calls from enraged women and declared Saskatchewan ready to accept the woman's rights clause if Ottawa would reintroduce the native rights section Nova Scotia, the other province fingered as obstructing equality of the sexes, also jumped onside quickly, and claimed that it had never been opposed in the first place

But Nova Scotia did not join in without reservations According to Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Edmund Morris, the province is still concerned that the override that remains in place on the equality rights clause could be used to modify women's rights—however unlikely it would be for a legislature to enrage half its voters The province is more worried about a judge taking the charter literally and finding unconstitutional such female prerogatives as maternity benefits, female quarters in jails, proscription of women as combat troops and day care for female single parents "Biologically, males and females are palpably not equal, at least not in Nova Scotia," says Morris But such concerns washed away last week in the tide of emotional protest that resulted in probably the most effective 48-hour lobby in Canadian political history

Far less fortunate, however, were the natives. Chrétien, who has always prided himself on his ability to understand their concerns, was still fuming over the sound of native drums protesting against the charter in London and New York He complained of the "white lawyers" who had advised native leaders that the charter was inadequate Subsequently, the charter became an instrument of "cultural genocide" in native minds Now they use the term to describe their exclusion from it. Federal officials have been worried about the clause since Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry warned in a confidential letter last May that courts may define the loose term "native rights" to mean property rights—not just rights of access to land that natives have traditionally used for hunting and trapping

If native rights are defined as property rights, McMurtry wrote, their enshrinement in the constitution could result in legitimate claims to urban areas that could not be mitigated by provincial legislation Federal officials do not dismiss McMurtry's concerns They *think* the courts will define native rights as merely access to traditional lands But they are not positive Alberta worries that such property rights might apply to the vast oil sands that lie under some native treaty lands Premier Peter Lougheed wants the rights of natives more closely defined before he accepts the clause, and B.C.'s Bill Bennett shares that view.

British Columbia has so far declined to negotiate actively But the native rights clause would force the province to deal Constitutional recognition of the 700,000 Métis would also, for the first time, force Alberta and Saskatchewan into new talks.

In the mind of Jim Fulton, the NDP spokesman on the constitution, such recognition of native groups is long overdue He ticks off the dreadful statistics. the highest rates of suicide, infant mortality and unemployment—and the lowest per capita incomes. "It's a litany of problems inflicted because of cultural disintegration," he maintains In the rush to correct the wrongs, however, some wonder if Ottawa should perhaps move more cautiously In the words of one senior official "What exactly we are entrenching we don't know" The politicians may think they know by the time the debate has ended, but the courts are sure to have the final say.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Hunting the Highway Murderer(s)

They came with their files, photographs and hunches, 45 policemen from across British Columbia and Alberta, heading for an unprecedented three-day rendezvous in the dry B.C. Interior. Mostly they brought with them their hopes that by getting together and sharing information they would force some breaks in a frustrating series of unsolved killings known as the "Highway Murders." The police themselves are not entirely comfortable with that nickname, preferring to stress merely that a vehicle was used in almost all of the deaths. But they do not argue over the number of murder cases they are studying—33, all but one victim a woman, and the single male a transvestite dressed as a woman. Most—but not all—were killed along the highways of the two provinces. Many of the victims were last seen hitchhiking and many were raped before their nude bodies were dumped at the side of the road.

By the time the conference had ended last Thursday in Kamloops there were definite plans for the arrest of a suspect in a double slaying, and the investigators had decided that they were looking for a total of 17 or 18 killers for all 33 cases. But they were also adjusting to the raised expectations produced by their dramatic conference, which in fact dealt with cases that have gone unsolved for up to 12 years. "Everyone is expecting arrests right away," said RCMP Col. Frank Burylo, from Vancouver. "This conference didn't produce any new evidance but it allowed 50 people or so to question an investigator about his methods. Everyone left with new information, new avenues of investigation." Burylo is now fairly sure that four murders he has been working on were committed by one person. All occurred in a rough triangle between Calgary, Banff and Revelstoke, beginning in 1976. The victims—all women around 19 years old who were working in hotels and motels—were sexually attacked, had last been seen alive hitchhiking and were strangled with a cord or rope.

Burylo was able to link the four killings because of a tip passed along by a Montreal woman who had heard about the conference. She telephoned police at the meeting to say she had been attacked near Banff in 1977 but had never reported it. "A man attacked her, choked her unconscious with his hands, and when she woke up he was standing



Four victims: from left, Maureen Mosie, 33, Edson, Alta., Monica Jack, 14, Merritt, B.C.; Pamela Darlington, 19, Kamloops, and Gail Ann Weys, 19, Kamloops



Eastham (seated) consulting RCMP colleagues: compering notes might help

over her with a rock," Buryio said. For some reason her attacker then fled. "She was lucky to escape."

Since then, calls have come in from across the country offering encouragement and some new information. That's more than Mike Eastham expected when he decided to call the meeting last spring. An RCMP sergeant stationed in Kamloops, Eastham had been getting nowhere on four cases in his area. His original plan was to compare notes with about 10 other detachments. But the meeting had to be postponed when he was called away from a backyard barbecue on May 9 to open a new file: the body of another "Highway Murder" victim had been found 25 km east of Kamloops. Maureen Mosie, 33, had been seen hitchhiking out of Salmon Arm, B.C., the day before, and another witness remembers seeing her standing near the dusty intersection where her battered body was found.

The 39-year-old Eastham, a tall, lean man who has worked on 100 homicide cases in the past 20 years, has sometimes resorted to offbeat methods such as hypnosis or the services of psychics. Once he even hid at the site of a murder during a full moon, hoping the murderer would return to the scene of the crime. No one did and, although no cases have yet been closed because of last week's meeting, he remains optimistic.

"Everyone who came here went away with something that will help him," Eastham says. Sometimes it was just getting to meet another investigator who until then had been only a voice on the phone or a name typed at the bottom of a report. "We have systems to pass information back and forth, but if you had to sit down and read through all the material on these 33 cases at once your mind would get tired fast," adds RCMP Insp. Robert Fullerton. "There's no better way of exchanging information than face to face. Now someone can pick up the phone and know what the guy on the other end looks like."

Most of the investigators came from RCMP detachments in Alberta and B.C., although the Vancouver, Edmonton and Calgary municipal forces sent delegates as well. All were convinced that the murder summit made sense, but its real value won't be determined until all the new leads, tips and information have been checked out. There will be smaller meetings among investigators working on killings apparently committed by one person. But Eastham doesn't want to see a conference as large as this again because, as he says, "That would only be necessary if we had another 33 unsolved murders."

—MALCOLM GRAY

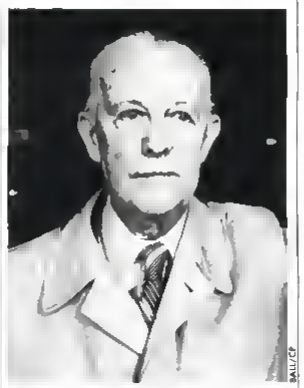
With files from Janis Hoss.

QUEBEC

October '70 revisited

Like bit players in a cheap farce, participants in the 1970 October Crisis keep popping up in Quebec, hurling accusations, offering self-serving justification and divulging secrets of espionage and romance. Their varied versions of the "truth" have become standard fare, and now only the most sensational outbursts command attention. But last week had something for everyone. There were steamy revelations of sex in high places, accusations of political interference in the activities of the RCMP and inside accounts of life in the outlawed Front de Libération du Québec.

In sessions court, Judge Maurice Rousseau began hearing pretrial evidence in the case of 17 Mounties variously accused of stealing Parti Québécois membership lists, kidnapping, pilfering dynamite and burning a barn—all part of the force's anti-terrorist activities in the early '70s. As expected, lawyers claimed the charges were unfounded because the Mounties had just been following orders. Then, in a surprising break from the customary script, former chief of RCMP intelligence William Kelly maintained that Marc Lalonde himself had urged the Mounties to treat the Quebec government as if it were "a foreign government acting against the government of Canada." Lalonde, now federal energy minister, was then an aide to the prime minister, Lester Pearson, while Quebec's government was the Union Nationale administration of Daniel Johnson.



Kelly (above) and Lalonde: 'a foreign government acting against Canada'



Lanctôt: tales of romance, espionage



Later, John Starnes, who was chief of the RCMP Security Service, testified that Lalonde asked him to share sensitive information on Quebec's independence movement with the Vidal Group—a cosy coven of Lalonde confidantes who were themselves infiltrating the PQ (*Maclean's*, May 25). For his part, Lalonde responded by suggesting that the federal police force is not known for its ability to tell the truth. Referring to the McDonald commission report on illegal Mountie activities, Lalonde added, "It's made its statements about the credibility of the RCMP."

In the court hearing, RCMP Supt. Joseph Ferraris testified that former Quebec premier Robert Bourassa asked for help in setting up a provincial intelligence service in 1970. Ferraris claimed that Bourassa was nervous and feared that he could not trust the people around him. Eventually, said Starnes, up to 5,000 people were investigated through the Analysis and Documentation Centre that Bourassa established. Meanwhile Bourassa, in what many see as his first step in replacing his own successor, Claude Ryan, as leader of the Quebec Liberal party, revealed that he wants to run for the national assembly again. The defeated premier denied he mistrusted government officials, but his portrayal as a frightened leader hurt Bourassa, who has spent 11 years trying to live down charges that he panicked during the October Crisis and left Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to run the show.

Outside the court proceedings, Quebec Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau also found himself in hot water. The minister was portrayed as a prominent character in the newly published, steamy memoirs of police informer Carole De Vault.* Her literary collaborator and current companion is *Globe and Mail* columnist William Johnson. De Vault betrays friends, lovers, police contacts and advisers in a no-details-spared description of her bizarre career. In a chapter called "Jacques Parizeau, mon ami" she writes: "He was older than me—we were respectively 40 and 24 years old—and he was married. But that didn't seem important. He was older, and so more sophisticated, more experienced. And how I admired his intelligence, his knowledge of the world!"

De Vault claims that Parizeau tried in telephone calls from her apartment to set up a parallel government during the October Crisis and that he planned to include Claude Ryan, then editor of *Le Devoir*, and Quebec labor leader Marcel Pepin.

De Vault goes on to say that Parizeau got her a job in an oil refinery where she was partly responsible for the transfer of large sums of money. She detailed her itinerary to FLQ terrorist friends so they could rob her, then panicked and, partly on the advice of Parizeau's wife, whom she contacted, went to the police. That set her on the road to becoming an informer—a career that netted her over the years more than $30,000 from the police plus a few thousand more from the Keable commission, the Quebec inquiry into illegal police activities. Then she turned against her cop friends. She now admits that she helped to mislead the public about police involvement in terrorist activities. Parizeau's comment on it all? "I haven't read the book."

The De Vault-Johnson tome is competing on Quebec bookstore shelves with the memories of Louise Lanctôt, one of the kidnappers of James Cross. Called *Une sorcière comme les autres* (*A witch like the others*), it is more excuse than apology. Lamenting her "exile" in Cuba and Florida, which followed the release of Cross to authorities, Lanctôt presents the curious thesis that she never actually fled Quebec. "Isn't it Trudeau himself who intimidated the RCMP in Montreal to let us go into exile rather than have to deal with an undeniably political trial for the members of the [FLQ] Liberation Cell?"

At one point in her book, De Vault confides that she didn't like hearing the tales of some co-workers because they were "essentially vulgar." An apt comment, perhaps, on the books of both these women who felt they just had to tell all their truths about terrorism.

—ANNE BEIRNE

*Toute ma vérité, *Editions internationales, Alain Stanké Ltée, Montreal.*

ALBERTA

Push and shove, snatch and grab

Last week's thrilling episode of *Tug of Love* reached new heights of suspense as Jason Read was hustled from a Calgary hideaway to the airport and smuggled through the baggage room onto Air Canada flight 850 for London. There, early Friday, he and his mother were reunited with his grandmother. Seven-year-old Jason, however, was conceivably too confused and distraught after the past seven months of parental push-and-shove to appreciate being the touching central character in



Jason and Robert: care and control



Jason and Wendy welcomed by Grandma in London as the cameras rolled

a real-life soap opera with photographers waiting at every twist and turn of the plot.

For five of his seven years, in fact, the boy with the strawberry blond hair and huge, expressive eyes has been the victim of a series of snatch-and-grab heroics by his maritally warring parents. Wendy and Robert C. Read migrated to Canada from England in 1971. Jason was born in Edmonton three years later. Signs of a marriage breakdown were soon evident, however, leading Wendy to take her infant son home with her to Southampton on England's south coast, where she obtained a divorce and, after a series of court battles, was awarded "care and control" of Jason. Then the action began as though cameras really were rolling.

During a summer holiday access period in 1979, Robert Read arrived from Canada, became unhappy with the conditions under which he found the boy was being kept and carried him back across the Atlantic. For two years Wendy Read, hampered, she says, by lack of any assistance from the Alberta government, could find no sure trace of Jason. By last May when Wendy and her brother, Paul Howlett, finally tracked the boy down to Read's home in Calgary's Coach Hill, Read had obtained an interim custody order of his own. Paying no heed, the pair simply walked in and made off with young Jason. The cameras quickly panned to Thunder Bay, Ont., where police apprehended the pair as they turned in their rented car at the airport, charged them with abduction and sent Jason back to his dad. The chase sequences gave way to courtroom scenes. And the abduction charges ended in acquittals, although Howlett was convicted of assaulting Robert Read's second wife, Jill.

The Alberta Court of Appeal overturned the interim custody order but Read then filed an appeal before the Supreme Court of Canada. While the boy remained living with his father, stepmother and 10-month-old stepbrother Brian (where he was quoted as saying, "I don't want to go back to England"), Canadian legal authorities took the stage, arguing the justice or otherwise of Canadian custody laws (*Maclean's*, June 29). Finally, last week the Supreme Court declined to review the Alberta Court of Appeal decision—in effect agreeing that the English court order took precedence and Wendy Read should have custody of her son.

As a result, Jason was again delivered to the care of his mother, who had been able to see him for only six supervised hours each week since their forced separation in Thunder Bay. At first he said, "I don't want to go because I'll miss all my toys, my friends, and I won't be able to go skating." His mother admitted that "communications [with Jason] were sometimes difficult." But she added: "He's warming to me now. I am convinced that when I get back to England everything will be all right."

When the Calgary friend who had sheltered them saw Jason and his mother off on the plane, the boy carried the nativity scene he and his mother had made last week and also the Star Wars gunships that were his father's Christmas present. "Jason was very cooperative," the friend told *Maclean's*. "He didn't try to fight or run away. He was not crying. He was resigned to the fact that he was going."

So *Tug of Love* may be off the air for some time, but a new series seems as good as promised for the future. Robert Read, a petrochemical consultant, insists that he will return to England in another effort to get British law to see things his way—even though he faces imprisonment for contempt of court for his earlier actions. "I shall go back and face the punishment. I cannot let the boy down, having come this far. The only thing that would calm Jason down when he left was saying that we would come and see him." —BERYL MCNEE



WORLD

Ulster's days of rage



By Carol Kennedy

It was a scene unprecedented even in the bizarre context of Northern Ireland, where words like "loyalists" seem to mean whatever the speaker chooses them to mean. But the mobbing by "loyalists" of Her Majesty's secretary of state for Northern Ireland, James Prior, at last week's funeral of a murdered Unionist MP seemed to sketch a sinister new dimension into Britain's baffled dealings with its troubled relative across the Irish Sea.

Ulster's inflammatory preacher-politician Ian Paisley, who earlier had stormed out of the House of Commons after branding Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher "a traitor and a liar," scorned concern over the affair as "a little bit of etiquette." With thinly veiled satisfaction, he warned that the mob scenes at Dundonald Presbyterian Church in East Belfast were "a storm signal—we're over the edge." Later he issued a direct challenge to the British government over the worsening security situation. His supporters, he said, will make the province "ungovernable" unless Unionists are assured of a massive blitz against the IRA. With his typical touch for melodrama, Paisley threatened to mobilize a "third force" of vigilantes. "We either remedy the situation or we die in the attempt," he declared. Unimpressed by a further 600 British troops flown in last week, he backed up his threat with newspaper advertisements blazoning a call for action—"for God and Ulster."

Bradford's funeral, Paisley sending a storm signal



At week's end the province seemed poised on the edge of chaos. Like Edward Carson* before him, Paisley has claimed that 50,000 men are ready to follow him to the death to defend Protestant rights. But even if the force never marches out of the shadows, industrial disruption seemed certain. Paisley's call for a general strike this week was backed immediately by workers at the province's biggest power station. And displays of non-co-operation between local officials and British ministers at Stormont Castle threatened to escalate into a tax strike. Surprisingly, the Ulster Defence Association, the chief Protestant paramilitary group, declined to support the "day of action." But that seemed to reflect only a tactical disagreement.

There is no doubt that Protestant fury is at flash point. It has been building up for weeks, with a fuse clearly traceable to the abortive ending of the IRA hunger strike in Belfast's Maze prison in October. Ten strikers died over

**Carson, an Irish politician, raised an armed force in 1912 and successfully opposed Westminster's efforts to impose home rule on Ulster.*



Prior (with head showing) under attack by mourners. 'for God and Ulster'

seven months, starting with Bobby Sands, the elected MP for Fermanagh-South Tyrone. When a second poll in that heavily republican enclave returned the dead man's election agent to Westminster, the result was widely viewed by Unionists as Catholic support for IRA violence.

Sectarian hostility hardened when the IRA, angered by the failure of the hunger strike to achieve political status for Maze prisoners, switched to picking off part-time members of the security forces and bombing targets in London. The murder of Robert Bradford, a hard-line Unionist, was the first killing of an Ulster MP in the province's 12 years of violence. But the Royal Ulster Constabulary says it may signal more assassinations of public figures.

At the same time, the Unionists see little likelihood of help from London in their demands for tougher action. In September, a cabinet reshuffle sent a reluctant James Prior from the employment ministry to Stormont Castle. A born negotiator and conciliator, Prior could have been an inspired choice had his posting not been so obviously a punishment for his opposition to Thatcher's economic policy. As it is, Ulster hard-liners see him as soft and his appeals for calm last week were greeted as an "insult"—even by James Molyneaux, the quiet-spoken leader of the official Unionist party.

The final blow was the Anglo-Irish summit at 10 Downing Street between Thatcher and Ireland's Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald. The meeting culminated in a decision to set up an "intergovernmental council" to promote ministerial and official contact between the two countries. Unionist extremists immediately smelled a sellout. When Thatcher stated in the Commons that the move involved "no change whatever" in constitutional arrangements, Paisley and two colleagues leaped to their feet in a carefully concerted, noisy protest.

It all had dispiriting echoes of another Tory government's attempts to solve the Ulster problem eight years ago with the so-called "Sunningdale Agreement." That accord also proposed an intergovernmental body for Ireland, but of a different kind. The 1973 "Council of Ireland" planned to bring ministers from the North and South together to share administrative power. It was Ian Paisley who killed that initiative by calling for the "Protestant workers' strike" of early 1974, a massive display of hostility to power sharing.

This time, Northern Ireland office officials in London are confident that no rerun of the 1974 strike will affect progress of London's cautious but growing co-operation with Dublin. Ulster itself is not involved, they say. Yet this is precisely why the extremists are angry and prepared to take independent action. The danger is, as moderate MP Gerry Fitt points out, that they have no definable target—such as the power-sharing executive—so their only outlet is "open rebellion."

What form this will take is anyone's guess. But if it gets out of hand, it could have the result of finally wearying the British of their most disloyal loyalists and lead to a clear, decisive break in relations. That would be the consummation the IRA has desired all along. As a *Times* editorial said last week, Ian Paisley risks becoming "Irish nationalism's best recruiting sergeant." ✪

SPAIN

The right tightens its iron grip

Visitors to Madrid late last week might well have felt that a time warp had transported them back to the 1930s. Forests of arms were raised in the fascist salute. Arrogant young men with their short hair slicked back decked themselves in military-style uniforms, and pretty blue-shirted girls from bourgeois families chanted slogans about honor and the fatherland. There were impassioned speeches demanding that Spain be saved from the dreaded *rojos* (the Reds), and a mass rally on Sunday where, amid the nostalgia for the good old days of dictatorship, there were enough swastikas in evidence to gladden the heart of any beer-hall demagogue. Nine months after right wingers nearly destroyed the infant Spanish democracy, sympathizers with the *golpistas* (coup plotters) exploited the sixth anniversary of Gen. Francisco Franco's death to whip up a frenzy of extremist fervor.

There were other signs of growing nostalgia for the old days of dictatorship, as well. In the corridors of the Cortes (parliament) there were suggestions that Col. Antonio Tejero Molina, who held deputies at gunpoint on Feb. 23, may never come to trial. Not without reason, the government fears that the Francoists could use such a hearing to put democracy itself on trial. With their confidence buoyed by the 23-F incident (as it has been dubbed), ultra-rightists have mounted a campaign of denigration aimed at the politicians who are hamstrung by haggling in parliament. At the same time, the rightists blame democracy for inflation and rising unemployment. For its part, the ruling Democratic Centre Party has played into their hands through vicious internal squabbling, and ex-premier Adolfo Suárez is on the brink of quitting the party in disgust. And although the gov-

González (left), Suárez: intra-party dissension that plays into rightist hands





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Tejero's attempted coup: errogant young men, blue-shirted girls and fascist salutes

ernment has dismissed rumors of another coup attempt, King Juan Carlos has become alarmed at the intra-party battles. As he did in February, the king last week warned that, if respect for democracy is to be preserved, politicians must be "resolute and dynamic."

Meanwhile, some observers in Madrid suggest a new potential strongman may be about to emerge. He is Gen. Jesus González del Yerro, the shrewd, forceful commander of the Canary Islands who might become defence minister in a cabinet shuffle that is expected soon. Most members of the military hierarchy are die-hard Francoists, and the promotion of del Yerro—military sources describe him as "dangerous, tough and very ambitious"—would confirm a disturbing swing to the right. By accident or design, Prime Minister Leopoldo Calvo-Sotelo has refrained from purging reactionary elements since 23-F. "The military respects strong command. But it has been allowed to go its own way and just laugh at the defence minister," commented one army captain about Defence Minister Alberto Oliart. His isolation was clearly demonstrated recently when—to his embarrassment—the military awarded a medal to one of the attempted coup's leaders, Gen. Jaime Milans del Bosch.

That mistake was swiftly remedied. But then the general's son, a captain, escaped with a minimum sentence after he had publicly denigrated the king, who many officers feel has betrayed the ideals of Francoism. In contrast, a journalist was jailed last week for seven years for "professional negligence." His offence: he named two men as right-wing fanatics, and they were later gunned down by Basque separatists. In this climate, true democracy can barely function. And even if the Socialists, led by Felipe Gonzalez, were to win an election, it is doubtful that they would be allowed to govern.

But rumors of another coup may miss the mark. As a young left-wing lawyer pointed out: "In a sense the coup has already happened, as recent events indicate. The Francoists still hold leading positions in the judiciary, the police, the army, the government itself. And since the February attempt they are showing their true colors." —DAVID BAIRD



Calvo Sotelo: the officers feel betrayed

GAMMA LIAISON

GUATEMALA

Terror strikes at the church

When Rev. Luis Pellecer Faena sat before TV cameras in Guatemala City last week, his demeanor was as strange as his story. The 35-year-old Jesuit claimed that he had not been kidnapped by soldiers last June 9 and later brainwashed, as the church alleged. Instead, he declared, he had arranged his own "self-kidnap" to break ties with the self-styled Revolutionary Army of the Poor. "I am free and never have been tortured into defecting," he declared. Then, he denounced the "revolutionary alliance" between the liberation—or socially activist—arm of the church and Marxist guerrillas seeking to overthrow the military government of Gen. Lucas Garcia.

But as Pellecer was led off by machine-gun-toting guards, Jesuit clerics, who knew the affable priest when he worked in Guatemala City's slums, were more concerned than ever about his mental state. He repeated his lines as if by rote, they said, and he seemed to be unable to distinguish fact from fiction—at one point falsely claiming to possess several university degrees. They were convinced that Pellecer's "brainwashing" was only one more element in a campaign of terror against the church.

Their concern is well founded. This year alone, rightist death squads have killed seven priests and hundreds of lay workers. And the effect on the church's operations has been drastic. Since January, 1980, more than 100 priests and nuns have fled for their lives, leaving 60 parishes without leadership. At the same time, church work in the fields of literacy, health and co-operative housing—which the government condemns as Marxist-inspired—has been severely undermined.

Still, many Catholic workers have clung courageously to their posts. Among those who have refused to flee are the Sisters of St. Joseph, a Toronto-based order that has worked for 11 years among the poor in Morales, a hot, humid town in northeastern Guatemala. Peasants and banana workers smile as the nuns go about their work. But that does not relieve the tension. Last year, a grenade was hurled at the nuns' residence. Now, as one sister put it, "You never know who you can trust."

Others have not escaped so lightly. Rev. Tullo Marruzzo, Italian pastor of the neighboring parish, was brutally murdered by rightist gunmen in July. Rev. José Maria Gran Cirera, a Span-



MATTSON GAMMA LIAISON

Church surveillance e two-yeer celvery

iard, was shot while riding on horseback near his pastorate in Quiché province A Canadian lay missionary, Paul Joseph Leger, was killed in a televised attack on a guerrilla "safe house" by Guatemalan troops Whether he was in fact a member of the Organization of the People in Arms (ORPA), as the authorities claimed, remains unclear Despite repeated requests from Canada, the government has refused to provide a report

The offensive against the church is the latest twist in a spiral of violence that has left nearly 5,000 people dead in the three years since Lucas came to powar after a fraudulent election Amnesty International—and most foreign diplomats in Guatemala—believes the murders are part of a "program of pacification" directed from the presidential palace Its victims, apart from clergy, have included campesinos, trade union leaders, journalists, edueators and members of moderate and leftist opposition parties So severe has the oppression become that the Christian Democrat Party is not sure whether it will participate in elections due next year Most of the party's leaders have been slain by the rightist death squads

Although the moderate opposition has effectively been silenced, the offensive has had the unintentional effect—from the regime's point of view—of forcing the peasant population closer to the four guerrilla groups in the countryside Some priests have made the same choice But most clerics remain determined to translate the theology of dignity and social justice into concrete programs of self-help for the poor Still, it is not surprising that biblical imagery is invoked to describe their situation As one nun, in hiding after threats on her life, told *Maclean's*, "It is nothing short of a two-year calvary for the liberation church"

—MAX STAHL

FRANCE

Wine of a very good week

The night held all the suspense of a grand prix motor meet Like snorting Formula-One enginea at the starting gate, the fleets of trucks in the sleeping villages of Beaujolais, north of Lyons, strained for takeoff Then, as the second hand of the clock jolted past midnight, they streaked away in a haze of exhaust and cheers Less than five hours later, before first light, some were already disgorging their coddled cargo into Paris bistro cellars and up boarding ramps at Charlas de Gaulle Airport.

Last week, as the annual multimillion-dollar race to serve up the first Beaujolais Nouveau got under way, the only clear winners seemed to be the wine producers and the middlemen The Quebec Liquor Board sold off $1 million worth at $7 a bottle, half of which was profit

That—and the brouhaha—caused at least one French wine expert to let out an amused but disdainful snort "Beaujolais Nouveau is capitalizing on inverse snobbism," says Michel Dovaz, a professor at the Académie du Vin "But it's an invented wine—a genial publicity operation Why, in 1925, it was only served to coachmen and servants."

In fact, its praises were first sung by journalist refugees from Nazi-occupied Paris Made from the stout Gamay grape, the Beaujolais harvest is dumped whole into vats without crushing (tha reverse of the normal wine-making process) Within a few days or a week, the grapes self-farment in a spontaneous eruption known as carbonic maceration which provides Beaujolais with its fruity oomph

The wina is ready within waaks—a cloudy robust nectar that the French government usually allows to be "unblocked" for ssle as Beaujolais Primeur each Nov 15 Though only 40 to 50 per cent of each year's antire Beaujolais crop is turned into Primeur or Beaujolais Nouveau—the rest is left for normal aging—the quantity has tripled over the past 10 years The enthusiastic word-of-mouth brought back from wartime Lyons, coupled with massive publicity, has turned what Dovaz calls "an unfinished wine" into a luxury label

Still, at Le Rubis, a wine bar in the Opéra area of Paris where the proprietor has specialized in Beaujolais for 31 years, talk about Beaujolais Nouveau's lowly origins and high prices are not taken kindly "It's an honest price for an honest wine," sniffs Léon behind his blue apron "I like to drink a good Bordeaux once a week But I can afford to drink Beaujolais every day." Besides, Léon had special reason to be proud last week Said he, waxing lyrical ovar the full fruity body and the ruby glow "It's a very, vary good year."

—MARCI MCDONALD



GRAHAM

Montreal wine connoisseurs sample tha nouveau lowly origins, high prices

BANGLADESH

A helping hand from the grave

It was really a contest between two ghosts On one side was assassinated president Ziaur Rahman, whose spirit was invoked by the candidate of the ruling Bangladesh Nationalist Party (BNP), Abdus Sattar The rival ghost was that of Sheik Mujibur Rahman, the nation's founder, murdered by army officers in 1975 His spirit was conjured up by Sattar's rival, the Awami League's Kamal Hossain Hossain promised cheering rallies that a vote for him would herald Mujib's second revolution if not a second coming And the people cried, "Long live Shaik Mujib" But when Bangladeshis went to the polls to elect a new president last week, it was Mujib's spectre that was laid to rest—at least temporarily Sattar decisively defeated Hossain by a margin of more than 8 5 million votes Sattar's quest for the presidency was an

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uncertain odyssey. Last May, when Zia was assassinated by rebellious army officers in the city of Chittagong, 75-year-old Sattar had to be pulled from his hospital bed in Dacca by BNP supporters and bullied into assuming the acting presidency. At that time he refused to consider contesting the elections, protesting tearfully at a news conference that his health forbade it. But his withdrawal led to an internal power struggle that threatened to destroy the ruling party—and Sattar was persuaded to run.

That done, Sattar's recovery was remarkably swift. Operating from the presidential palace, he engaged vigorously in the mutual destruction of character that was the primary tactic in the campaign. While the BNP questioned Hossain's credentials as a Bangladeshi—he is originally from India, had married a Pakistani girl and holds a British passport—the Awami League suggested that a vote for Sattar would condemn the country to five years of drought. The basis for that slur was an old wives' tale that a childless ruler is a bad omen for the rice harvest. But besides being nothing more than a village legend, the accusation was incorrect. Sattar had a son who died in infancy.

The bitter mood was worsened by violence, in which several party workers were murdered, and there were fears of widespread turmoil on voting day. But the occasion went off peacefully apart from some ballot burning, and outside observers were favorably impressed. "It was like a Sunday afternoon church fete," said one diplomat, who travelled the country with binoculars to spot irregularities.

Many Bangladeshis saw the calm as a precedent for Sattar's rule. Said one: "Sattar hates corruption. He is old and has no family and therefore has no reason to accumulate wealth." Sattar himself put it another way. "I have nowhere to go," he said, "but to the grave."

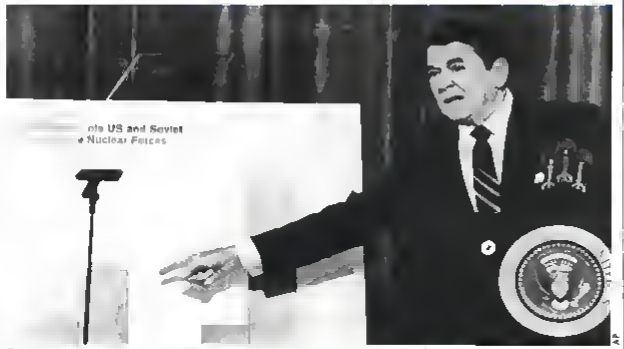
—PETER NIESEWAND

Hossain (left); and Sattar: the campaign was marked by a volley of personal slurs



U.S.A.

Reagan's opening bid



Reagan illustrates a point, courting the uncertain heart of Europe

By Michael Posner

Only days before Leonid Brezhnev's historic visit to Bonn, and a mere fortnight before the opening round of Soviet-American arms negotiations in Geneva, the Reagan administration last week launched its long-awaited peace offensive. It did so with more wit than it had displayed in some weeks, beaming the president's old softie image live by satellite into millions of European and American homes. His first major foreign policy address was delivered at the carefully chosen hour of 10 a.m. Washington time—not precisely prime time in London or Bonn, but early enough for its highlights to make the evening newscasts. Indeed, while the speech ostensibly laid out the United States' first negotiating stance for the Geneva talks, it was clearly aimed as much at Western Europe as at Moscow.

Fairly or not, Reagan has been depicted by many overseas observers as a nuclear cowboy itching to pull the trigger. These characterizations, enhanced by the president's own remarks, have added further strain to the NATO alliance and complicated its most controversial objective: installing 572 Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe. That deployment is meant to counter the Soviet Union's steady buildup of SS-20 missiles—now estimated at 250 and each carrying three warheads. But the NATO program has been challenged by a sizable peace coalition which fears that the missiles will only increase the risk of a nuclear war being fought in Europe. And the Kremlin has cleverly exploited that fear, offering to freeze its own deployments at current levels if NATO abandons its scheduled installation in 1983 of cruise and Pershing IIs.

The recent protest demonstrations in Bonn, Paris and elsewhere (*Maclean's*, Nov. 23) and diplomatic cables from its own embassies have finally persuaded the administration that it is losing the propaganda war in Europe. This is not a loss easily dismissed because it threatens to undermine the political will of allied governments on which the placement of NATO's new missiles will ultimately depend. As a result, Reagan abruptly and astutely dispensed with his hard-line rhetoric, reversed his field and adopted a position his friends in Europe have long advocated—the so-called zero option.

Reagan told a global audience of 200 million, "The United States is prepared to cancel its deployment of Pershing II and ground-launched missiles if the Soviets will dismantle their SS-20, SS-4 and SS-5 missiles." Then he added, "We intend to negotiate in good faith."

In courting the uncertain heart of Europe, Reagan strategy is to out-woo the Kremlin with gestures of peace. In addition to dismantling its medium-range missiles, the president invited the Soviet Union to open strategic arms reduction talks (START) "as soon as possible next year," to reduce its conventional forces and to attend a new disarmament conference in Europe. And he also declared that no NATO weapon—conventional or nuclear—would ever be used, "except in response to attack."

Reaction to the Reagan speech was generally favorable and mostly predictable. The Soviet Union denounced it as a propaganda stunt designed to sabotage this week's Brezhnev-Schmidt summit in Bonn. And the Kremlin disputed the president's charge that Moscow enjoys a six-to-one nuclear advantage in Europe (the Soviets contend that rough parity exists between NATO and the Warsaw Pact). But by week's end Moscow was taking a more careful line. A senior official suggested the speech might augur a turn for the better.

In Europe, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher sang a sincere chorus of thanksgiving, and there were echoes of that refrain from the foreign ministers of Italy, the Netherlands and Belgium. British Labour leader Michael Foot, a longtime proponent of nuclear disarmament, welcomed the Reagan proposals as improving the climate for negotiations in Geneva. And even the moderate Paris daily *Le Monde*, complaining that the peace gesture ought to have been made sooner, was forced to concede that Reagan had stolen the spotlight from the Brezhnev visit.

Washington recognizes that its zero option is unacceptable to Moscow. It is simply a negotiating posture, like Brezhnev's proposed freeze. But it is a clever stance, because it recaptures the propaganda initiative, eases the political pressures on Schmidt et al and puts the Soviet Union, temporarily, on the defensive. Whether the U.S. position makes success in Geneva more or less likely remains to be seen. It is not clear that the Soviets will agree to confine the talks to land-based weapons. Nor, assuming agreement on limits, is it clear how both sides will verify compliance. The real work still lies ahead, but the game, at least, is afoot.

Allen's Japanese connection



Allen: betting began on his successor

As President Ronald Reagan accepted the Thanksgiving Day turkey presented annually by farmers to the First Family, he was all smiles and chuckles. But when a reporter shouted, "What's happening with Richard Allen?" the joviality vanished. Reagan grimaced. "It's been investigated. Everything's fine," he shot back. That assessment—based on initial FBI reports—seemed increasingly inaccurate last week. And the justice department launched an investigation of its own into a strange transaction in January between National Security Adviser Allen and Japanese journalists.

The controversy engulfing yet another member of the White House staff—Reagan was still smarting from budget director David Stockman's indiscretions in a magazine interview—first erupted when it was revealed in Tokyo that on the day after Reagan's inauguration, Allen had arranged for three Japanese reporters to interview the First Lady. The interview completed, the three journalists left the White House. But not before one had slipped Allen a brown paper envelope containing at least $1,000. The Japanese contend that the gift was intended for Nancy Reagan, who was expected to donate it to charity. If so, Allen apparently was not informed. He took the money and—instead of handing it over to the Treasury as he says he planned to do—put it in an office safe. It lay there, forgotten, until its discovery in mid-September by staff who were cleaning out the safe.

Although the FBI came to a preliminary conclusion that bribery was not involved, the case was far from closed. This week, the justice department is expected to announce whether a special prosecutor will be appointed to investigate the case. If a formal inquiry is undertaken, White House sources say Allen will be expected to resign.

It is, after all, not the first time his associations with Japanese businessmen have caused controversy. Before joining the Reagan administration, Allen was a highly paid consultant to Japanese big business. Last year, a week before the presidential election, he was suspended from the Reagan campaign after it was alleged that he had leaked trade information to a Japanese business associate while he was a member of the Nixon administration.

But last week, as state department officials exchanged bets on who might take Allen's place—David Abshire, head of the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies was among the favorites—it was the interview money that threatened to bring about his demise. In the wake of an acknowledgment by Allen that he had also accepted two watches from one of the interviewers—although before joining the White House staff—an administration source revealed that two of Reagan's three top advisers wanted Allen out. The view was, he explained, that "the stupidity of Allen's moves outweighs any culpability."

—WILLIAM LOWTHER

A retaliatory change in the rules

The move was a clear case of economic tit-for-tat, and an expensive one for Canada. There are no sure figures attached to the bill that President Ronald Reagan sent to Congress last week, cutting off tax relief for U.S. companies that advertise on Canadian radio and TV. But some guesses put the annual loss at $20 million, enough to hurt smaller stations severely.

Reagan's action was also a painful surprise to Ottawa. He had been expected to do something more moderate—perhaps challenge Canadian policies in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Instead, he chose a direct assault on a front first defined by his predecessor, Jimmy Carter—and in an area in which there is no likelihood of compromise. In promoting a similar Canadian measure five years ago, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau stressed that his action was an important factor in strengthening the Canadian cultural element in local broadcasting.

The timing of Reagan's action clearly has much to do with current disagreements between Ottawa and Washington. At least 14 TV stations on the U.S. side of the border have been lobbying for retaliation for years. But recently they were joined by Walter Annenberg, a Reagan crony and financial supporter who has investments in *TV Guide* (he sold the Canadian edition in 1976 when tax law changes made it less profitable). In a full-page advertisement in *The Washington Post*, Annenberg laced into "Canada's Unfairness Doctrine," which, he said, had brought Congress "to the brink of retaliatory action."

—W.L.

PEOPLE

Meat Loaf is back—all 278 lb. of him. The 34-year-old Texan, who came from out of the blue to sell eight million copies of his *Bat Out of Hell* album four years ago, has had his share of misfortune since. First, he lost dynamic singing partner **Karla De Vito** to Broadway's *The Pirates of Penzance*. Then, his producer-songwriter, **Jim Steinman**, who penned the hits *Two Out of Three* and *Paradise by the Dashboard Light*, deserted him halfway through the second album. To top it off, Meat's own thundering voice disappeared. "I was pushing it too hard, straining it, and it just gave out," he says. After almost two years of voice therapy, Meat has returned with the second album, *Dead Ringer*, a new hit single and a new singer, **Pamala Moors**, whose sultry stage presence adds sex appeal to the fat man's act. He has also added two male backup vocalists "to save myself—I'm not a fool." Meat's new restrained voice has received a clean bill of health from the reviewers. Last week a Toronto critic described him flatly as the "Pavarotti of rock."



PAUL DE HARRISON

Meat Loaf and Moore: sex appeal

"Rather than go after politicians, we decided to do other stereotypical people," explains **Terry Mosher** (alias **Aislin**) of his fracas-raising cartoon in the Nov. 7 issue of *Today* magazine. The illustration, entitled "Father O'Connor—Bartender," depicts a cigarette-smoking priest giving communion behind a bar and the text reads in part, "He replaced the very pedestrian red wine with Dubonnet and substituted salty pretzels for the host." Running in the Saturday edition of 18 daily Canadian newspapers, the cartoon caused such a ruckus that Mosher's work with *Today* has been terminated. "Their readership is pretty status quo," says the 38-year-old artist who draws regularly for 30 papers. Along with the news of his firing last week came a report that Editor **Walter Stewart** was considering pulling his column, which wraps around the cartoon every week, in protest. Stewart could not be reached for comment, but president and publisher **Gordon Papa** contributed this insight. "It won't be running on page 3 or it won't be running weekly but maybe it will be running from time to time."

Shortly after her arrival last week at La Virtud, a Salvadoran refugee camp in Honduras, **Blanca Jaggar** saw members of Orden (a right-wing Salvedoran paramilitary group) leading away 30 refugees with their thumbs tied behind their backs. Protests by Jagger and several members of relief organizations resulted in the refugees being released. But the Nicaraguan-born ex-wife of Rolling Stone **Mick Jaggar** is worried over the fate of 30,000 other refugees who face relocation to a remote area 40 km from the border. "They will all be slaughtered," she declared, "if international attention is not focused on what's happening." The Honduran military was apparently aware of her ability to do just that. During a brief but frightening interrogation, an army colonel told Jagger, "You should understand you're a very famous person and the newspapers write a lot of things about you." To which she replied, "Do you mean to say that my crime is my notoriety, or what I know?"



AP

Jagger with refugee children: was her notoriety the main offence?

The inimitable **W.C. Fields** once said "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Then quit. No use being a damn fool about it." It is anyone's guess whether **Robert Bourassa** has ever heard this advice or, indeed, if he would be prepared to take it. The former Liberal premier of Quebec, who suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of **René Lévesque** in 1976, emerged from the quiet life of a lecturer and author eight months ago to offer himself as a candidate in the province's general election. He was squelched then by Liberal leader **Claude Ryan**, but with Liberal finance critic and national assembly member **Claude Forget**'s recent resignation in the Montreal riding of St. Laurent, Bourassa has resurfaced. So far, Ryan and the St. Laurent riding executive have been silent about the possibility of his nomination, although he will share the head table with the party leader at a $100-a-plate fund raiser next month. Waiting out the decision with shoulder-shrugging nonchalance, the 48-year-old Bourassa says, "I'm not excluding the national assembly as a forum to fight for my ideas, but it's not a necessity." Ryan's popularity is at an all-time low and he may no longer have the power to block Bourassa. Then it will be up to the voters.

It is only acting, of course. Still, not every husband is asked to murder his wife—even on the silver screen. But that is just what Lakefield, Ont., native **Paul Hubbard** has to do to his recent bride, actress **Cindy Girling**, in the Canadian-German coproduction *Juke Dar ling*, a dramatic thriller being filmed in Germany this month. Girling (*Meatballs, The Kidnapping of the President*) plays the first wife of leading man **Tony Franciosa** and the first victim of psychopathic killer Hubbard. "I'm not going to be a hero when the film is released," says the 30-year-old actor who, nevertheless, welcomes the opportunity to shatter irrevocably his "pretty face" image. The film's finale should do it for him. As the hulking nasty, the six-foot, two-inch Hubbard attempts to rape a 13-year-old and is emasculated with a broken bottle. Says Girling: "I'm thinking of taking out insurance on him, just in case."



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Hubbard: emasculated as a finale



MARRFIELD/REPORTAGE

Dickinson: from tacky Pepper to a boss detective with largess

Three years ago, **Angie Dickinson** left *Police Woman* vowing never to return to the "daily grind" of a TV series—especially a tacky one. "Every time you saw Pepper," says the 50-year-old actress of her ex-screen persona, "she was getting out of a bathtub, in a bikini, or draped in a towel." So Dickinson took a break by getting in and out of the shower, largely undraped, in **Brian De Palma**'s hacking horror film, *Dressed to Kill*. In January she will return to the tube in *Cassie & Co.* as—wait for it—a policewoman. "Look," says Dickinson, "I'm not a doctor. I don't feel like a nurse. I didn't want to do comedy and, if I worked in a department store, well, who are we kidding?" Besides, her character is not just a cop. She is the boss of a detective agency and she has the largess to be friendly to her ex-husband, a district attorney whom she divorced after failing to meet his social butterfly requirements. "This isn't *Charlie's Angels*," says Dickinson. "These are going to be people you really care about."

When New York author **Susan Barman** came to Toronto recently to promote her new underworld exposé, *Easy Street*, she insisted on being chauffeured around town with a bodyguard. After all, she had received death threats while researching the biography of her late father, **Davia Berman**, a prominent underworld figure who operated out of Las Vegas in the 1950s. To make her feel more secure, her publishers laid on an extra limousine driver. He was none other than **Bobby (Pratty Boy) Falatain**, leading contender for the Canadian heavyweight title until 1977, when he was TKO'd by **Gaorga Chuvalo**. The 225-lb. Felstein says that guarding the 36-year-old Berman was not a big deal. "All I did was open and close doors." But his imposing presence was all Felstein was willing to bring to the job. "If anybody had come up to us with a gun we would have all been in trouble," he confesses. The only thing the ex-boxer carried was Berman's briefcase.

Canada AM addicts, 350,000 masochists who watch the 7 a.m. TV show for their daily fix of news, are in for a jolt next month. **Gail Scott**, the affable blonde host who joined the program three years ago, will be replaced by its Ottawa contributor, **Pamala Wallin**. "I'll be frank with you. I was expecting to continue until my contract expires in June, 1982," says Scott. "My understanding is that they wanted to replace me when other changes are made to the show to get some continuity." Nevertheless, **Don Cameron**, CTV's vice-president of news—who describes her replacement as "an excellent journalist" and "quite pleasant looking"—says Scott made it clear she wanted out. "Gail is having some family problems. Her children are very young. She wants to spend more time at home." *Au contraire*, says Scott. The 37-year-old TV veteran is now looking for a new job, admittedly one with better hours. Says Scott: "I'm not going to miss getting up at 5 a.m. and being locked in every night to an early bed"—with husband **Graham Scott**, Ontario's deputy minister of health.



PETER BREGG

Canada AM changes: Wallin (left) replaces Scott

—EDITED BY BARBARA RIGHTON

The disintegration of a dream

By Hal Quinn

"It typified the whole bloody tournament," Bob Iarusci, the dejected Canadian captain said as he walked off the field in Tegucigalpa and away from the dream of playing in the World Cup. In its final game of the qualifying round, Canada had to beat Cuba. A myriad complex permutations would then determine the result, but the Cubans had to be beaten. At two minutes and 13 seconds of the first half, Bob Lenarduzzi made a sliding tackle on Jorge Rodriguez at the top of the box. Rodriguez managed to get his toe on the ball and the boot to the dream. With style and team play only rarely shown in their previous four games, the Canadians could have scored a half-dozen times Saturday night. They scored twice. "They had two chances in the entire game and both went in," said Iarusci, "and now we don't go to Spain." The next day's game would decide whether El Salvador or Mexico would join Honduras in the world championship. For Canada, the next chance would not come until 1986.



Canada versus Mexico: a chronic inability to score goals

The six-sided tournament had been a series of doubts and fears and disappointments for the Canadians. In the minds of their five relatively impoverished opponents they were early favorites along with Mexico. But after the key game with the Mexicans, which ended in a 1-1 draw, their $1 million of support from Labatt Breweries seemed as futile a gesture as a few coins to any of the hundreds of street urchins in the Honduran capital. The significance was not lost on Canada's goaltender, Tino Lettieri, who sobbed uncontrollably in the spartan dressing room after the game. It had been, in all aspects, the team's best effort, but it still fell short of fulfilling any promise.

Once again, the tournament was tossed into confusion, nothing decided, nothing clear-cut but the problems of the Haitians and the Salvadorans. In their hotel rooms, down corridors guarded by soldiers with submachineguns, the Haitians pondered their imminent defections to the U.S., the evaporation of bonus money, long promised but not forthcoming from the mansion of their dictator, and the return home of their coach because of the death of his adoptive mother. In the same hotel, the Salvadorans too had more pressing problems than the allocation of brewery funds. "Our players come from all departments [provinces] of our country," Alejandro Amaya quietly explained. A psychologist, he had agreed to help the Salvadoran players through their unique traumas. "There is guerrilla activity in places where their families live. One of the players' father-in-law and brother-in-law were killed recently, and a player on the 1970 El Salvador World Cup team was found in a garbage can just a few months ago."

This was in sharp contrast to the joyous advancement to the World Cup by the Hondurans. Having beaten Haiti, Cuba and Canada, they faced El Salvador, their enemy in the 1969 "soccer war" that erupted the morning after El Salvador beat them to advance to the 1970 cup finals. Honduras needed only a tie. The effect on the crowd, and the city, as the match ended in a 0-0 draw, was galvanic. The Honduran coach was carried crazily around the field on the shoulders of ecstatic supporters, cars and mini-trucks raced through the streets, precariously perched passengers waving Honduran flags. The revelry still had hours to run when celebratory revolver shots echoed over the mountaintop city at dawn the next day.

The Canadians waited. The Salvadorans, desperately trying to concentrate on football for a few more hours, would face the dispirited Haitians; Canada's hopes were in the balance. It turned out to be the roughest game of the tournament, totally beyond the grasp of the *arbitro central*, the hapless Downer Osmond of Trinidad and Tobago. As rumors circulated that hundreds of their armed countrymen had crossed into Honduras, the Salvadorans fired four goals, only one of which was allowed. That was still enough to win 1-0.

Canada's only solace from the evening, besides the mathematical elimination of Cuba, was team chief comic Herb Mueller's conducting of the Honduran band at the halftime show.

That was to be the high point. In the quiet of the Canadian dressing room Saturday, ringed with red-shirted players, heads bowed, goalie Lettieri said, "You can analyze as long you like, but maybe the bottom line is that we just weren't good enough." ◇

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A little something to ease the pain

By Robert Lewis

Treasury Board President Don Johnston, the keeper of the federal purse, was on his feet in the Commons shortly after 3 p.m., arguing that Canadians don't mind paying taxes "provided they see value for their money." At the same hour, the merit of a lavish lunch for the press across the river was casting doubt on Johnston's thesis in a way few ordinary Canadians failed to grasp. At a penthouse restaurant in Hull, Finance Minister Allan MacEachen and five other ministers were hosting a dozen selected reporters at a seven-course meal with red and white French wines. The cost was more than $800, enough to buy an order of fries, a Coke and a Big Mac for more than 365 days.

It was not the way to launch the budget defence—and retreat was still to come. MacEachen was furious about news stories he knew would follow.



Investment Dealers' President Andrew Knewasser (left), the TSE's Pearce Bunting



Soma of Saturday's demonstrators burn placards to stay warm grim gathering

When they did, MacEachen told the Commons Tuesday he was "grossly embarrassed" about sticking taxpayers "for a lavish occasion which I did not anticipate." Then, the penny-conscious minister volunteered to pick up the tab himself.

MacEachen encountered further indigestion in a week of angry budget postmortems. Conservative leader Joe Clark denounced a "tricky" budget that gave to the rich, with lower tax rates, and denied the poor—all the while zapping consumers everywhere with annual "higher energy costs of $1,400." John Bulloch, president of the 60,000-member Canadian Federation of Independent Business, vowed to launch a $250,000 public campaign against a budget that removes incentives—MacEachen calls them "loopholes"—initiated by previous Liberal governments. Leaders of the four major Canadian stock exchanges slipped into town Thursday for quiet meetings with senior finance officials to protest a provision that limits deduction of interest expenses to amounts equal to income from investment. They urged Ottawa to restore full-interest deductibility for investment in Canadian corporations. The business leaders went home only with a promise of further talks. On Saturday, MacEachen was nowhere to be seen—except in effigy—when a homeowners' "Marathon of Despair" teamed up with an estimated 80,000 grim unionists from across the country, in one of the largest rallies in the capital's history, to protest against high interest rates.

MacEachen did react to wails from the construction and energy sectors when he promptly reversed provisions limiting certain cost deductions on apartment buildings and on shares transfers during company mergers. Unaccountably, MacEachen and his previously confident officials had grossly misread the impact and retreated on two fronts.

- Immediate deductions for "soft costs" on buildings—legal and accounting fees, interest on loans and property taxes—now will be allowed, provided that footings are installed before year's end and construction proceeds "without undue delay." First buyers of multiple unit residential buildings (MURBs) also will be allowed to deduct interest expenses if construction starts before year's end. The budget eliminated the immediate deduction of soft costs after Nov. 12 and required developers to write them off at five per cent a year, along with capitalized land and construction costs. The proposal had threatened up to 20,000 much-needed rental units already in the works under the old rules.
- Deferral of capital gains by companies that swap shares during reorganizations or mergers will now be allowed, so long as the terms were settled before the budget. The restrictions threatened Dome Petroleum Ltd.'s acquisition of minority shares in Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas Co.

Understandably, MacEachen was not anxious to confirm charges that his budget is turning into a turkey trot—one step forward and two back. He rejected other calls for concessions, perhaps remembering what happened to former finance minister Walter Gordon, whose budget in 1963 was so swiftly discredited that Gordon tendered his resignation, which Prime Minister Lester Pearson declined to accept. In Vancouver, 260 experts gathered for the annual Economic Outlook Conference concluded that the budget was mildly restrictive at a time when expansion was needed to head off recession. MacEachen flatly dismissed those notions during his now-infamous lunch. "I question whether the solution to our problem is to push up the deficit a bit more to recover the economy, when the recovery is there if we let it work."

The chorus of protests from the most affluent served to convince MacEachen that his major taxation reforms were well placed. The *Toronto Star*, among the many newspapers that ran sympathetic business-page profiles of individuals, documented the case of one $50,000-a-year chartered accountant who will pay additional tax of $8,000—mainly because his company-supplied car and his deferred profit-sharing plan are now fully taxable. MacEachen was quick to seize on the special pleadings. He called on MPs to justify selective tax breaks "when the average worker is fully taxed on all his income."

By week's end, the good news for MacEachen came largely in areas over which he has never claimed direct control. The Bank of Canada rate dropped for the third successive week, to 15.4 per cent, and the lowest mortgage level was Toronto Dominion's one-year rate, set at 17.25 per cent. MacEachen, after months of pointing to Washington as the cause of high Canadian rates, shamelessly claimed credit for last week's dip. He made no such efforts when the Canadian dollar closed off the week up to 84.4 cents (U.S.), or when the Toronto Stock Exchange, after a precipitous 52.8-point drop following the budget, rebounded 56.3 points during the week. On those two numbers, MacEachan's reaction was somewhat akin to his feelings after the public relations disaster of his Monday lunch. That, says an aide, was "a comedy of tragedies. There was no one to blame." Certainly, there was no one to credit.



MURB footings in Edmonton; soft costs

With files from Ian Austen and Malcolm Gray

Admiral's demise chills an industry

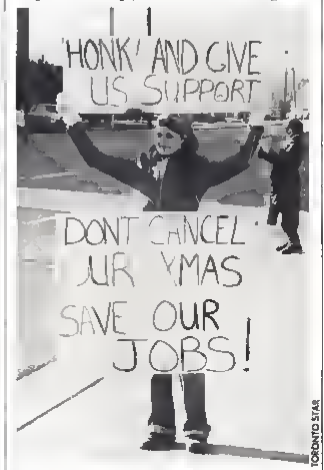
A massive neon sign at the foot of Toronto's Bay Street still optimistically blinks out its exhortations each night on behalf of Canadian Admiral Corporation Ltd.'s products. But it now seems unlikely that the appliance giant's assembly lines will ever roll again. When Admiral shut its doors earlier this month, throwing 2,400 people out of work, there was widespread speculation that either its competitor, Inglis Ltd., or a team of Admiral executives would step in with a bid to save some or all of the company. But under the weight of the continuing economic slump, those plans slowly subsided.

Last week 200 middle-management employees were tidying up Admiral's affairs while a receiver looked into protecting the firm's three empty factories against the ravages of winter storms.

Admiral's history mirrors the development of the Canadian appliance industry. For most of its corporate life, the U.S.-controlled company was a modest but consistent profit maker. When the rest of the industry went through consolidation and Canadianization in the late 1970s, so did Admiral. Then, when Rockwell International of Pittsburgh put it up for sale in 1979, a most unlikely suitor appeared—the Montreal mini-conglomerate, York Lambton Ltd. Some U.S. firms were interested, but they were frightened off by hints from Ottawa that their bids would be turned down if any Canadian buyers could be found.

Debt-ridden and loss-plagued itself, York Lambton saw the $34-million purchase of a liability-free company as a cure for its financial plight. Even better, Admiral financed most of the cost of the take-over by paying out a one-time $25-million dividend. But the $15 million that the once debt-free appliance maker had to borrow to make that payment was the beginning of a string of debts that eventually caused the firm's demise. As a senior policy adviser for the province of Ontario puts it, "York Lambton overextended Admiral and probably did not provide the best direction, if any at all."

The current consumer market slump—which has seen refrigerator sales drop by 13 per cent—dealt the final death blow. Ironically, rather than giving York Lambton a new lease on life, the deal has left the company on an even more shaky financial footing than it was two years ago. Late last week its executives remained tight-lipped while creditors claimed ownership of two of its profitable Quebec subsidiaries—Superseal Corp., maker of double-glaze windows, and GM Plastics Group Ltd.



Former Admiral worker paying the price

Also reeling from the closing are the three remaining appliance builders—Inglis, Cameco Inc. and WCI Canada Ltd. Those companies have already initiated a series of temporary shutdowns to clear their unsold inventories. Now they are worried that their clearance operations will be made all the more difficult if Admiral's receivers decide to raise cash by pushing the firm's remaining stock onto the market with heavy discounts. Says Cameco President William Blundell: "Everyone is scratching his head trying to figure out what is the best way to go on this." —IAN AUSTEN

A European pipedream comes true

Excited West German businessmen had called it the whopper" and struggled for more than two years to reel it in Last week, their efforts paid off when they landed a multibillion-dollar pact with the Soviet Union to build a pipelina to carry Siberian natural gas to Western Europe It was not just the staggering size of the deal, however, that set heads spinning in Western capitals. In clinching the elusive agreement, the businessmen, with the blessing of six European governments, managed to override the objections of Washington and provide Soviet chief Leonid Brezhnev a handsome gift on the eve of a four-day official visit to West Germany.



The historic deal—signed between Soviet officials and the West German energy giant Ruhrgas—formed the first part of an overall pipeline agreement that will constitute the biggest East-West trade pact ever undertaken Ultimately, it will cost more than $12 billion and involve West Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Belgium and Austria The pipeline will cover 4,800 km along one of two possible routes (see map) from the Yamal Peninsula to the U S S R 's western borders. From there, an estimated 40 billion cubic metres of natural gas a year will be pumped through existing lines in Czechoslovakia and Hungary to link up with the West European grid.

Washington had stuffy opposed the deal on the grounds that it could make its allies overly dependent on Moscow for their energy, leaving them vulnerable to political blackmail In fact, the more hawkish American opponents called it a drastic step toward the "energy Finlandization of Europe." But Bonn, which already imports 16 per cent of its natural gas from the Soviets, countered that the deliveries of Siberian gas—at a rate of 10 billion cubic metres annually from 1984—would only boost that figure to 30 per cent This total, they added, would account for merely five to six per cent of Germany's total energy consumption

For Brezhnev, the pact was a boon in more ways than one He needs a massive amount of Western rash, equipment and know-how to exploit the new Siberian fields, which are among the most inaccessible in the world On the Yamal Peninsula, the thermometer drops to -60°C during nine-month-long winters In summer, torrential rains turn the soil into a quagmire. Even during the best of years, construction work is limited to 80 days Happily for Brezhnev, the deal leaves it to energy-starved Europe to bear almost the full cost of the pipeline Bonn will provide $4 6 billion in loans and equipment, France $4 billion and Italy, Holland and Belgium roughly $1 2 billion each Thus, Brezhnev will not only succeed in opening up the immense gas fields for a song but also earn a steady hard-currency income which could amount to $8 billion a year over the 20-year life span of the accord

But the political benefits for Moscow could be no less huge The deal will permit it to claim that,despite raw East-West tensions, the Kremlin and Western Europe can still conduct business profitably, in spite of American claims that détente is dead That message could also influence the nuclear debate raging in Western Europe over NATO plans to deploy new nuclear missiles as a counter to existing Soviet strength Until now, the Kremlin has employed mainly political pressure to convince NATO members that they should abandon the plan But, in the wake of the pipeline deal, Moscow will likely switch to an economic siren song as well, arguing that ever wider trade is the best guarantee of peace.

Washington will be watching nervously to see how this argument is received by the West Germans And indications are that Bonn will be easily persuaded Soviet calls for wider economic co-operation are likely to find a strong echo in a country in which trade with the Eastern bloc already provides 200,000 jobs. At the same time, German businessmen and politicians have never concealed their distaste for trade boycotts against Moscow They maintain that, far from encouraging the Kremlin to throw its weight around, more two-way trade will serve to constrain its behavior As one advocate of the pipeline deal explained "By 1990 the Soviet Union will be earning one-third of all its hard currency from sales of gas You can't tell me they will throw that away on a political whim." —PETER LEWIS

Brezhnev needs know-how and cash



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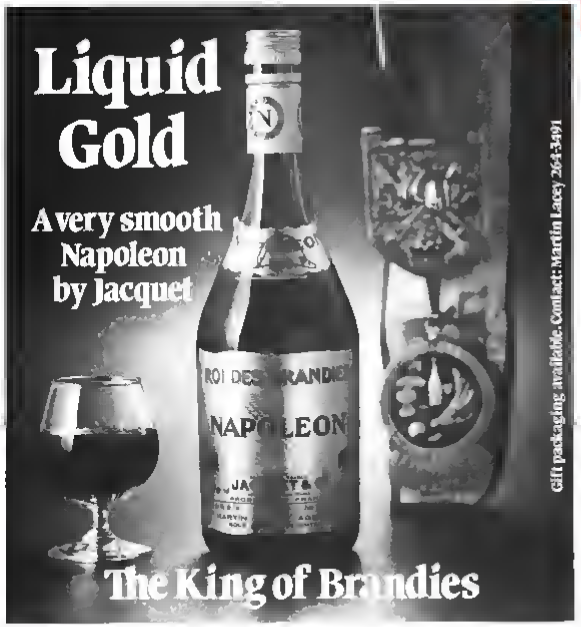
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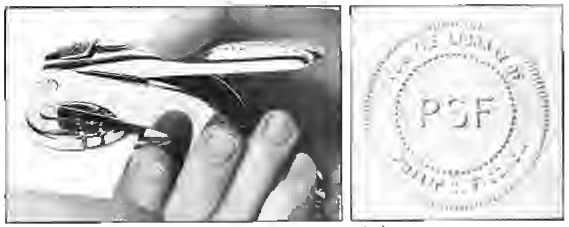
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FISCHER

TELEVISION

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CLOWN WHITE
CBC, Nov. 25, Radio-Canada, Nov. 27

As the International Year of Disabled Persons draws to a close, we have one last-minute entry pulling up behind all the television spots, transom posters and sentimental dramas. *Clown White* displays the sort of fanciful approach to the problem that neither enlightens nor helps: the emotionally disturbed, deaf boy at the centre of the story is cute as a button, the other characters are candidates for sainthood and the script bids us to believe in miracles. Compared to *Clown White*, *Miracle on 34th Street* was a sour green apple.

Jason (Mark Christopher Dillon) is a nine-year-old whose resentments and hostilities withstand the most valorous acts of his teacher (Saul Rubinek), with a heart as commodious as Mother Teresa's. But Jason's antisocial antics get him embargoed from a long-planned excursion to Toronto with his classmates, all portrayed with casual affability by similarly afflicted children. Showing spunk, he stows away on the bus all the same. He is discovered when they reach the city and goes AWOL. While the rest of the group waits in the police station, Jason hooks up with a mime in top hat, tails and clown-white face. Of course, the two hit it off like cowboy and trusty nag. The mime touches the heart of the rebel in just a few hours—like a Freudian in a '40s psychodrama who turns a rigid neurotic into a docile sweetheart in one climactic session.

Apart from some quirky comic touches, the best thing about *Clown White* is the mime, Lorene Yarnell, one of the talented team Shields and Yarnell, in her first solo performance. Her pixilated death mask gives her a look as vulnerable as Liza Minnelli and as compassionate as the Lily Tomlin character in *Nashville*, who happily chatted in sign language to her deaf children. When she talks, it's clear that her talents deserve broader exposure than the antiquated straitjacket of mimicry. *Clown White*, too, would have been better to jettison its outmoded Pollyanna optimism about emotional disturbance; it gives the impression that years of analysts' bills could be saved by an afternoon with Marcel Marceau.

—BILL MAC VICAR

JUSTICE

Legal crusade of the eternal children



By Penelope Jahn

Befus (top), Zarfus: challenging the prerogative of parents and doctors



No one told Doreen Befus what sterilization meant when she had a tubal ligation at the age of 18. Nor was Befus or her guardian asked for consent. In Alberta's institutions for the mentally retarded, sterilization of inmates, regardless of sex, was simply routine—between 1928 and 1972, a provincial board approved 2,822 such operations. Now 54, Befus lives on her own in Red Deer, where she holds down a homemaking job and crams every available minute with writing letters to governments and organizing meetings. "I'm fighting for the rights of the mentally handicapped not to be sterilized," she says. "Why can't they leave our bodies alone?"

The sterilization of adolescents, often described to them as an appendix operation, is now the radicalizing agent for militants among the mentally handicapped. In sex education classes, group homes and sheltered workshops, they're forming pressure groups and staking a place for themselves inside society—according to the Ontario Association for the Mentally Retarded (OAMR). 90 per cent of the retarded now live in the community. They're challenging the prerogative of parents and physicians to decide what is best for them, their own legal status as eternal children and the attitude that sexuality is for "normals only." In a complex debate over the civil rights of people who lack the capacity to exercise those rights, their stance is unequivocal. Swears David Lincoln, the retarded president of People First, an Ontario advocacy group of 750 mentally handicapped people: "No knife is going to touch me unless I say so."

Whether any knives can currently touch people like Lincoln is a moot point, to the dismay of many parents. In Ontario a moratorium has prevented contraceptive surgery on minors since 1978, when a study showed that 308 children under 18 had been sterilized two years earlier—all but 50 being girls. And both B.C. and Alberta, the only two provinces with specific legislation authorizing surgery for "eugenic purposes," repealed the acts in the early '70s after scientists debunked the theory that mental deficiency could be inherited.

"If operations are being performed now without consent, they're clearly illegal," asserts Jayanti Raichura, public trustee for Manitoba. But the illegality has not been clear to the thousands of parents and doctors across the country who had contraceptive surgery performed on their charges before the mid-'70s. Now the Supreme Court must address that issue. Sometime in the new year the court will decide whether "Eve," a 26-year-old P.E.I. woman, will have the tubal ligation her mother requests. So great is the alarm that Lincoln will intervene in the case with his three mentally handicapped confreres on the Consumer Advisory Committee (CAC) to the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded (CAMR).

At issue is whether or not contraceptive surgery—as opposed to therapeutic operations—can be legally performed on the authority of a third party. Who, then, should speak for the patient, and what jurisdiction should the court have to intervene in her best interests? These are the thorny questions implicit in the "Eve" case, which is expected to do one of three things: dismiss contraceptive surgery as being outside the court's jurisdiction, refuse to make a far-reaching judgment without specific legislative guidance, or come up with some stringent legal safeguards that would permit third-party consent.

In the escalating debate over sterilization, the last alternative represents the middle ground. "The 'Eve' case points to a vacuum in legislation," comments Barry Swadron, drafter of Mental Health Acts in Ontario, New Brunswick, Alberta and P.E.I. What's needed, many feel, are new legal powers enabling guardians to act in day-to-day matters—whether the issue is money, property or contraception, and whether the ward unable to give informed consent is mentally handicapped, disturbed or elderly. Only Alberta, which has a Dependent Adults Act, seems to address the problem, says Swadron.

While legal arguments take shape, parents agonize. Among them are Hugh and Ann MacKay of Toronto, who had a tubal ligation performed on their 17-year-old daughter before the Ontario moratorium banned the practice. "It's a horrid final step to take for someone, and you need the wisdom of Solomon to do it," explains Ann MacKay. "Les loves kids, but she couldn't cope with being a mother. Someone else would have to be hanging over that child 24 hours a day." At 21, Lesley MacKay cannot read, write, shop or travel on her own beyond familiar routes. But before the operation, her parents discussed sterilization

with her over a two-year period, then came private interviews with several doctors. With contraception resolved, Ann MacKay is looking for a suitable group home for her daughter—because, she says, "Les doesn't want to live with her boring parents all her life."

The MacKays represent the silent majority of parents, to judge from a recent study by Dr. Donald Zarfus and Lucille Wolf of the Children's Psychiatric Research Institute in London, Ont. Of parents surveyed—and all had retarded offspring—71 per cent endorsed involuntary sterilization, while 65 per cent thought that parents and physicians should determine if a retarded person is competent to consent to the procedure. Only 0.7 per cent favored a legally constituted board. Yet, to date, the legal community has largely gone against the parents on these views. More painfully, so has the 40,000-member CAMR, which has striven for a moderate position like a beleaguered parent trying to hold a fractious family together. Since June, the question of sterilization has divided the CAMR board. As Ann MacKay puts it, "Whenever two people get together to discuss the welfare of a third, there are always problems." Others are blunter. Declares one angry Toronto mother: "We're surrounded by lunatic social workers who think we're dumb misfits with no social conscience."





LISA LOWRY

BRIAN STEEL MACKENZIE

Clarke Beechey at Ongwanede Hospital, Ann MacKay (below, left) and Lesley: 'it's a horrid final step'

Social conscience, some argue, is not the issue. "The parents of a retarded child have a conflict of interest with their children," states Orville Endicott, co-ordinator of legal resources for the CAMR. In his view, the rights of the unborn child and the potential grandparents should not come before a woman's right to control her own body.

Nonsense, counters Hans Mohr of Osgoode Law School in Toronto. "Any system that claims to make better decisions than the parents should recognize who ultimately bears the consequences." The consequence bearers, according to one camp, should be the welfare system, not the reluctant grandparents. In fact, the system already shows signs of strain, as Toronto social worker Myra Partridge can attest: her case load includes an increasing number of retarded mothers. At its roots, then, the debate touches on this question: should the mentally handicapped be managed by their nearest and dearest, or by the impartial and indifferent?

Non-consensual sterilization, most observers agree, is not directed at active people like Doreen Befus, it's intended for women who consent to sexual activity but cannot practise birth control or exercise choice over sterilization. Critics deplore the fact that of those who have so far gone under the knife, many have had Down's syndrome—and have therefore almost certainly been infertile from the start. More to the point, they charge that by removing the risks of pregnancy, unwarranted operations invite the sexual abuse of helpless, inarticulate women. "[Sterilization] won't prevent a woman from being raped or contracting VD," worries Muriel Clarke-Beechey, mother of a severely retarded boy in Kingston, Ont., and board member of both the CAMR and the Ongwanada Hospital for the retarded.

Whether a woman can become pregnant matters less than what she understands—and here, too, the mentally handicapped are profoundly vulnerable. "Half the mentally handicapped don't know anything about sterilization," says Barb Goode of Vancouver, a mentally handicapped nurse's aide and chairperson of the CAMR. Recent advances in teaching techniques have brightened the outlook for responsible sexual activity among the mentally handicapped, and many hope that, as a result, sterilization will become a contraceptive method of the past.

Yet the most feared impetus behind sterilization has nothing to do with birth control—and everything to do with what Clarke-Beechey terms "a horror of the menses." London's Zarfus, an authority on mental retardation, suspects that institutional staff are deeply troubled by the monthly problems of women unable to understand feminine hygiene. Rather than resort to surgery, doctors have lately preferred to treat severely retarded women with drugs such as Depo-Provera, a synthetic form of the hormone progesterone, to eliminate their periods altogether—"because," says Zarfus, "you can always stop a drug." But now that a Zarfus study has found that three institutionalized women died of breast cancer while taking the drug, sterilization may be preferred again.

Those pressing for third-party consent feel that incompetent women, like any others, are entitled to the sterilization option. But safeguards are needed. A legal board might not escape the criticism that dogged the now defunct Alberta Sterilization Board, which authorized a disproportionate number of sterilizations on native people.

A morass of other problems awaits the legislators—notably the question of defining what informed consent means. In the "Eve" case, for example, a seemingly clear-cut case of incompetence soon grew murky when an appeal judge scrutinized the transcript of the trial and doubted the trial judge's opinion. "Eve's" doctor described her as mildly retarded but virtually unable to express herself. Troubled by the gap between what she could understand and what she could articulate, the appeal judge asked whether she wasn't capable of informed consent. A legal board would likely confront the same dilemma. But the biggest obstacle, says Toronto lawyer David Baker, is the singling out of the mentally retarded. Why not alcoholic parents or child abusers?

No doubt mentally handicapped activists are pondering the same question—not that the CAC opposes voluntary sterilization. "Most of them want to start a family," reflects the CAC's David Lincoln. "But when I ask them, do you think you could take care of a kid, most of them say no."

MEDIA

Co-op radio's new tune

After a slow start, co-op radio is alive and seeking changes

By Rosa Harris-Adler

From a studio sandwiched between a dress factory and an anarchist book outlet on Boulevard St. Laurent in the heart of ethnic Montreal, Gacquelen Telemaque speaks to his people. The Haitian disc jockey is broadcasting in Creole to Haitian Montrealers and opining on a recent increase in Quebec's minimum wage. "I'm glad you're here, man," says a phone-in guest on the open-line show. "We can't afford to have folks taking advantage of us just because we're new to this cold, cold land."

The show is on Radio Centreville (CINQ-FM), a 36-watt co-operatively owned radio station broadcasting in seven languages to inner-city residents. A wild flower of the airwaves, the station offers an eclectic blend of community information, open-line shows, multilingual poetry recitals, political commentary and racy interviews. One recent evening an IRA fugitive on the lam, fresh from Dublin, dropped in to pass the time of day with the wide-eyed program host; the few establishment broadcasters aware of Centreville's coup were humbled.

While unusual for its multilingual approach to community radio, Radio Centreville is only one of 16 co-operatively run stations broadcasting in Canada. Fourteen of these are scattered throughout Quebec, but the movement is wafting, like grains of wheat germ, across the country. Co-op stations flourish in Vancouver and Kitchener, Ont.; nine more are in the planning stages, including one each in Moncton, N.B., and London, Ont.

A child of the late '60s, the co-operative radio concept bucked what it saw as the tame product of commercial broadcast and endured despite widespread predictions to the contrary. Fired by Senator Keith Davey's 1970 report on the mass media decrying the markad lack of community input into commercial outlets, citizens' groups obtained licences to run mini-watt stations. Local Initiatives Program (LIP) grants helped many get off the ground, and the original flavor of their special-interest programming still characterizes most shows on co-op airwaves. Programming for the handicapped is widespread—witness a recent show for the blind aired on CIRC-FM in Rouyn, Que. So are shows on lesbian motherhood, vegetarian cooking and back-to-nature gardening. But now, barely over its birthing pains, the 10-year-old phenomenon has reached a turning point. Beset with mounting financial problems and anxious to garner broader recognition, co-op radio is ready to shed its experimental image.

Nagging problems underlie the push for change. Co-op broadcasters joke about their makeshift arrangements. Often using obsolete equipment, they operate from nondescript warehouses, rented basements and run-down tenements. Typically, the stations' power output ranges from six to 3,700 watts. Signals may extend only a few city streets, although stations such as Vancouver's CFRO-FM can be picked up within a 95-km radius. Says Vinny Mohr, CFRO program co-ordinator: "A lot depends on whether or not our transmitters are feeling well."

Stations are also at the mercy of the owner-volunteers' devotion to the cause (CINQ-FM co-ordinates the efforts of 150 free spirits). To join, members usually





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Delgado on the air, ad-libbing for Spanish-speaking audience in his free time

pay $15 to $25 annually—a fee that buys the right to full participation in program policies and broadcasting. Delegates' committees deal with anything from technical emergencies to the morning pot of coffee. Explains Pascual Delgado, a Cuban Montrealer who works as a YMCA community organizer when he isn't at the station: "We try to operate on the principle that the more you work, the more say you have about station policy. Still, the number of volunteers we attract depends largely on the weather and the position of the planets." But Diane Archambeault, an avid CINQ FM fan, maintains: "That [unpredictability] is what fascinates me about the station. You tune in expecting an interview with a local artist and you're just as likely to get a half-hour of outrageous ad-libbing from a volunteer filling in for someone who has flown the coop."

The most serious obstacle has always been a lack of adequate funding. CKWR FM in Kitchener, with an audience of at least 30,000, survives on a $26,000 annual budget. This year a meagre $2,100 of that came from the Ontario government in the form of a Wintario grant. B.C. pays only the occasional salary at its sole co-op radio station. An exception to the rule is Quebec. There the stations' grassroots appeal hasn't been lost on the Parti Québécois, which owes much of its political strength to its formidable populist base. This year, Quebec's department of communications alloted $900,000 for the funding of radio co-ops. "But the PQ are somewhat different," argues Paul Rutherford, an associate professor of Canadian media at the University of Toronto. "They are outsiders who have made good and they have never been enamored of the [mainstream] mass media."

Although co-op stations distrust blatant commercialism, survival instincts have led them to the advertising trough. They deplore current CRTC regulations restricting community radio advertising to four minutes an hour of sponsorship notices. Promotion of this kind brings in 40 per cent of most stations' revenues, but the other 60 per cent requires countless hours of membership and fund-raising drives. In Quebec, l'Association des Radiodiffuseurs Communautaires de Quebec (LARQ), a co-op umbrella group, recently began lobbying the CRTC for extended advertising time. "The provincial government has been urging us to become more self-sufficient," says Marie-Thérèse Forest, secretary-general of LARQ. "And for that we need advertising. You can't afford to be too laid back under those circumstances."

LARQ's bid for changes strikes at the very heart of co-operative radio—its community appeal. Once anathema, the idea of competing with corporate radio is now a pet longing, even though the average 80 hours a week of co-op programming falls far short of commercial radio output. Indeed, some stations are cultivating a mainstream audience. "The fact is," explains LARQ's Forest, "that's the way it has to be in places like Gaspé or Île de la Madeleine, where the only radio service people have is co-operative. Out of necessity, those stations are run pretty much like commercial ones, they'll give news, weather and traffic reports—even fishing conditions." AM hype and Pat Benatar records are also sneaking into the broadcasts. Says Gaspé radio (CJRG FM) volunteer Jacques Henri: "We've never had this kind of music here before. You can't blame us for wanting it."

Co-op radio's identity crisis may bring its downfall, according to observers such as Rutherford. "Alternative media don't have an extended history, generally speaking." But negative predictions don't discourage co-op disciples fighting for a movement that has survived. "I still like to think it's our principles that distinguish us," says Forest. "Traditional radio has no place for community participation. We fill that gap." ✪





VERN HARVEY

Toronto shoppers seeking relief from aches and pains

LIVING

An urge to sleep on water

Yesterday's counterculture emblem goes middle of the road

By Marsha Boulton

"Let's face it, we couldn't make a living in coffins," concedes Don Haddy, president of the 80-year-old Mount Forest Casket Factory near Guelph, Ont. Even so, Haddy has seven new employees working an after-hours shift. Their object: producing water bed frames.

The casket factory's conversion is just one sign of North America's booming $1-billion-a-year water bed business. Thanks partly to technological advances such as leak-proof liners and wave-reducing baffles, what began in the late '60s as a counterculture sleep proposition has gone middle of the road. "Up until a few years ago, having a water bed was an expression of a certain lifestyle. The image was tacky," admits Steven Toth, president of the Calgary-based Canadian Waterbed Manufacturers' Association. "But today a more mature segment of consumers is buying them for therapeutic and comfort benefits."

Last year some 150,000 Canadians opted for water mattresses decked out as anything from a conservative four-poster to an ultramodern suede-encased number complete with stereo-equipped headboard. Today there are 500 water bed specialty stores across the country, selling models priced from $400 to $3,000. As as the joy of water spreads from west to east, optimistic entrepreneurs predict that 40 per cent of the bed market will soon be theirs. In British Columbia, where water beds first arrived a decade ago, two out of every 10 beds sold are water-based. Calgary had 35 water bed shops at last count, and in Dartmouth, N.S., Peter Burrows, manager of Glubes Furniture, reports brisk sales. "People call back to say how great it is," he remarks. "Kind of buoys me up every time I sell one."

Burrows isn't the only one who feels good about water beds—their main selling point these days is the claim that sleeping on water benefits health. Citing such esoteric publications as *The Journal of Psychosomatic Dentistry and Medicine*, manufacturers suggest that water beds can ease everything from insomnia to bedsores. Hospitals support some of those claims: at Hamilton General Hospital's highly regarded burn treatment centre, a dozen water mattresses are in use. At Stanford Intensive Care Nursery in California, premature babies have been found to have a lower incidence of breath stoppage and better weight gain while resting on a flotation system designed by a Vancouver company, Ultratherm Canada Ltd. Water beds also allow most pregnant women to sleep on their stomachs until delivery time, and one U.S. hospital lets women float through labor.

Proponents cite Archimedes' principle of water displacement. The water bed offers full-body support, alleviating pressure points where accumulating blood can cause discomfort that leads to tossing and turning. Meanwhile, modern heating systems warm the vinyl-encased water, soothing sore joints. "A water bed can't cure anything," advises Toronto orthopedic surgeon Dr. Hamilton Hall. "But it's certainly more comfortable than sleeping on a board, and there's no evidence that it's harmful." Rita Hewson, who suffers from arthritis, is more emphatic. Hewson, 43, was convinced that water beds were "a gimmick for youth" when she walked into the House of Waterbeds in Windsor, Ont., to buy one for her daughter. She chose a queen-size model but couldn't give it up. "Now my back doesn't hurt at all," she says. "I swear it's the bed."

Health-conscious consumers may ease their backaches on water beds, but some landlords get headaches just thinking about tenants who float while they dream. Last year B.C. Rentalsman Jim Patterson ruled on a dispute between a landlord and a tenant who faced eviction for having a water bed in violation of a prohibiting clause in a standard provincial lease form. Basing his decision largely on insurance claims—or rather the lack of them—Patterson ruled the clause unenforceable provided that the water "bladder" is fitted within a safety liner contained within a proper frame and covered by $100,000 liability insurance. A similar case is now shaping up in Calgary, and manufacturers expect to tackle the problem province by province.

Not that they're worrying—the Canadian-owned Halcyon Waterbed Co. Ltd., to name one example, enjoyed a 120-per-cent increase in business last year. But while middle-class buyers flock, hints of the beds' kinky origin still remain along airport motel strips, where blinking neon signs announce water beds in "honeymoon suites." Admits one candid observer: "Sex isn't better on a water bed, at least not for me. That's still a matter of who you are sleeping with, not what you are sleeping on."

Former skeptic Hewson on her water bed: 'now my back doesn't hurt at all'



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CITIES

New help for crime victims

By Margaret Cannon

It was a cool, bright October afternoon as Amy Haskayne, a 49-year-old civil servant and mother of three, headed to her car in the Calgary Bay Parkade. Suddenly, she felt an arm around her neck and heard a voice saying, "I'm going to take your purse." Haskayne struck out with her keys and snapped, "Like hell you will!" Moments later she stood in shock, bleeding from knife slashes in the stomach and arm, and watched her assailant escape. A chain smoker since the attack, she is fidgety, absentminded and constantly afraid. "I wish they'd catch him," she says.

Had she been attacked a few weeks earlier, Haskayne would have faced repairing her life on her own. In fact she has had plenty of help: the Victim Assistance Program, run by the Calgary Police Department, telephoned the day after the incident to offer solace. Discovering that Haskayne was without ID, cash or credit cards, the program director, Valerie Screaton, obtained medication for her, then told her how police were tackling the case. Such programs, now operating in eight major Canadian cities from Vancouver to Ottawa, have brought "victim justice" to the fore and have united police departments and social service organizations in a new common cause. As part of an expanding victim compensation network, the move challenges the traditional focus on crime prevention, punishment and the rights of the offender. "The offender has the world at his feet," Screaton complains. "But for the victim — nobody cares."



PETER MCCREAU

Haskayna: chain-smoking but thankful

Care is the stock in trade of victim assistance. The New Westminster, B.C., police program, for instance, supplies victims with emergency funds, child care and translators. In Vancouver, the John Howard Society's Aid to Victims of Crime Program not only mobilizes volunteers to act as counsellors, helping victims through the bureaucratic maze of court, but acts as a best friend. The aid has ranged from roasting repairmen late at night for work on an elderly lady's burglarized home to helping one man through a protracted struggle with an insurance company over a stolen boat.

Aware that each year one million Canadians fall victim to crime, advocates of victim assistance are pressing for a larger government role and broadened services, including compensation for pain and suffering. The activists' opportunity came last month in Toronto at the first U.S.-Canadian Conference for Victim Assistance. Conference organizer Geoff Norquay of the Canadian Council on Social Development set the tone: "If our political leaders really believe the speeches they make extolling victims, they must be willing to back those encouraging words with cash." Specifically, Norquay and others want to corner a larger share of the $3-billion federal justice budget of which only $20 million is currently spent on victim-witness assistance, primarily through eight provincial criminal injury compensation boards. (Compensating witnesses encourages them both to get involved at the time and to testify later.) Ontario Secretary for Justice Gordon Walker, accepting Norquay's challenge, has advanced a novel scheme: every convicted criminal should pay $10 into a compensation fund, adding $6 million to the funds available to provincial boards. The concept resembles Canadian programs for property crime compensation putting the onus on the offender, not the taxpayer, to cover the loss.

Simple financial compensation for injury may be one answer, but Toronto lawyer J. Frederick Sagel argues that few people are aware the boards exist, and that in severe cases the awards are too low. "The maximum is $15,000 lump sum and $500 a month for life," says Sagel, "but the average award in 1980 was just over $2,000." And most innocent victims are young, he points out. In one 1980 Ontario case, a 14-year-old boy was left quadriplegic after being hit by random gunfire. Cash cannot compensate a teenager for lifelong dependency.

That's where victim assistance services come in, but in many cities lack of staff has been a growing difficulty. Sgt. Ed Payuk of the Edmonton Police Victim Services Unit is hunting for volunteers to help his staff of six deal with an average of 2,000 monthly calls and visits. "No one is turned away," says Payuk, "but because of the numbers, there's a tendency to screen victims. And maybe we're falling down in our objectives because of the work load." Leslie Davis, of Winnipeg's Victim/Witness Assistance Project and a one-time victim herself, sees dangers in screening. "People tend to think there's not a victim in the property offence," she observes, pointing out that the invasion of privacy in a home break-in or vandalism can be as traumatic to some victims—particularly the elderly—as a beating.



GERRY KOPELOW

Davis: theft as traumatic as beating

The new social service of the '80s, victim assistance is veering in new directions that would include programs for native, elderly and family victims. But not even those who have been violently attacked would like to see compensation replace prevention and punishment. Admits Amy Haskayne: "I'd feel more secure if he were locked up."



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ART

Preserving the past in a social vacuum

By Philip Monk

Gauguin to Moore: Primitivism in Modern Sculpture, a visually stunning collection of 136 modern sculptures, prints and drawings of primitivizing bent that opened this month at the Art Gallery of Ontario, is a heady celebration of a culture that went more than halfway to meet several others. Out of dark and dusty ethnographic cupboards, hidden away among the plunder of Europe's colonial rule, primitive artifacts of Africa and the South Seas emerged as a major influence on the masters and movements of cubism, expressionism and surrealism. Artists such as Picasso, Constantin Brancusi, Amedeo Modigliani, Jacob Epstein and others included in this exhibition were among the first private collectors of primitive art, intrigued by the sophistication, simplicity and energy of these totemic and ritualistic objects. Hewn in wood or rough cut in stone, these pieces reinforced the widespread rebellion against a cloying Victorian sentimentality and the overwrought ornamentation of the polished Beaux-Arts marbles as artists absorbed primitive forms for their own means.

Unfortunately, the resulting modern works, which in their time were rude, audacious jabs at the tradition of Western culture, have been tamed under the glare of gallery spotlights. Unlike these artists—some of whom, such as Gauguin, went halfway around the world in their pursuit—curator Alan Wilkinson has taken only a few timid steps. He does a fine job of tracing formal similarities between primitive and modern art, of speculating on which exhibitions Picasso may have seen, who visited whose studio. But he doesn't dig for the roots, the artists' complex fascination with and reaction to the industrialization of Western culture, how they used the primitive to grasp the raucous sensuality of urban life. This was a time when artists were drawn to both the simplicity of primitive forms and the mechanical rhythms of industry, transmitting both in their work. But for Wilkinson, these pieces seem destined to rest timelessly entombed, much like Aztec and African art, in a vacuum. Curiously, he repeats history: just as the artifacts were de-ritualized in Western museums so the social bonds of modern art have been severed here.



'Hina and Te Fatou'. Polynesian gods

Socially, primitivism was the offspring of both colonialism abroad and industrialization at home. Europe's naïve fascination with the exoticism of non-European cultures began with Napoleon's 1798 campaign in Egypt. By the end of the 19th century, primitivism (especially African) symbolized the dark and sensual, demonic and frenzied in European culture itself. Strauss's Viennese waltzes were criticized as "African and hot-blooded, crazy with life." Even before Gauguin made his 1891 odyssey to Tahiti, a paradise already ravaged by the one he had left, traditional cultures were rapidly disappearing at home as a result of rampant industrialization.

With myriad primitive styles to emulate, the artists could match any of their own eccentricities. Gauguin, who called himself a barbarian and claimed that "the great error is the Greek, however beautiful it may be," eclectically synthesized Christian themes with primitive decorative motifs in pieces such as *Wood Cylinder with Christ on the Cross*. With no Tahitian sculptural models at hand, he liberally improvised the crudely carved but richly sensuous tamanu wood sculpture *Hina and Te Fatou*. Representing the Polynesian gods of Earth and moon, this object had no religious value, Gauguin had his eyes on Parisian taste.

COURTESY OF THE ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO

'Woman with Her Throat Cut', 'The Kiss' violent sexuality versus eternal coupling





COURTESY OF THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

Again in the 1920s and '30s, the surrealists turned their rapt attention to the Pacific Islands. Alberto Giacometti's sinister and disturbing sculptures of this period are charged with a violent sexuality: the spine of the leaf-like insect creature of *Woman with Her Throat Cut* is arched both in desire and the throes of death. On the other hand, the contemporary lovers of *The Kiss* by Romanian sculptor Brancusi are idyllically fixed in their sexuality for eternity. The monolithic block-like simplicity and rudimentary facial signs, in such contrast to Rodin's sculpture of the same name, used the primitive to speed a rigorous return to the basics of form and truth to the material: wood was wood and stone was stone, not metamorphosed into human flesh.

Strangely, Rodin's work is also included in the exhibition because he modelled a Japanese actress and drew Cambodian dancers, works that had no primitivizing effect on his sculpture. Similarly, the bronze *Kneeling Woman Combing Her Hair* by Picasso is included for no reason other than its similarity in pose to Gauguin's Tahitian relief *Be in Love and You Will Be Happy*. The pieces by Picasso that do have an obvious resemblance to primitive art, such as *Standing Man*, are only exercises leading up to his cubist masterpiece, the painting *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, in which the artist allied tribal masks with the abstract planes of Cezanne to concoct a searing sexual allegory. But as much as Picasso and Brancusi looked to the past, they saw their own age reflected in the mechanical shafts and smooth bearing heads of the primitive fetishes. Why did Wilkinson not introduce his audience to the complex partnership of primitive and industrial in the birth of the modern age? Why Epstein's primitivizing *Female Figure* and not the mechanized man of *Rock Drill* of the same year?

The vitality of the age pales in this exhibition, one that should have ended with Giacometti's resounding crack of violence. Instead it pulls itself along for one last exhausted hurrah in the elephantine ponderousness of Henry Moore. Having been burdened with the massive Henry Moore Sculpture Centre since 1974, the AGO has a vested interest in the artist's reputation. According to Director William Withrow, Wilkinson was "hoping to fulfil Henry Moore's wish that his last gift would generate interest in ... the other masters of modern sculpture." Wilkinson merely slots the modern masters securely in the continuity of art history, from prehistoric to present, divorced from their own culture. The sculptures that were to frame Moore's instead are left to dance around his staid stones ◇





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BOOKS

A crusader against gloom



THE YOUNG VINCENT MASSEY
by Claude Bissell
(University of Toronto Press $22.50)

Alice and Vincent Massey (above); Massey at about age 18: public virtue



When the young Vincent Massey—the future diplomat and Governor General of the dominion—was a tender 24 in 1911, he confided to his diary after a celebratory Sunday evening: "[illegible] sipped gin till an ungodly hour [illegible] an un-sabbatarian debauch." It was hardly a debauch, but for a Massey, reared within the teetotalling gloom of Methodism, it was the stuff of rebellion. Eventually, his rebellion would go even further: he traded his Methodist faith for Anglicanism, the Tory party for Liberal social action, and Massey dourness for an almost epicurean passion for the arts. The only thing he kept was the money.

The money had been made by his grandfather Hart, the founder of the great Massey farm machinery empire. But the sensitive grandson had no intention of wasting his life in the front office, and he diverted the bulk of the estate into the Massey Foundation. Vincent himself was the guiding spirit. In his first act of patronage, he built Hart House in the University of Toronto, upon its completion in 1919, its panelled, Gothic chambers became the cultural heart of the city. The Hart House Theatre took a leading role in pioneering new Canadian plays as well as in staging popular English comedies and classics. Not a production detail escaped Vincent or his new wife, Alice, who became a full partner in his philanthropic efforts. His biographer, Claude Bissell—a former president of the university and a friend of Massey—relates that "All of the directors were the Masseys' personal choice, and the organization and administration were developed by them and were constantly under their scrutiny."

Few would stand for such overt paternalism today. Whether the Hart House community stood for it then is impossible to tell from this biography. Bissell has based his research heavily on Massey's private papers. The result, though elegantly written, lacks the balance of reminiscences and opinions of others.

Bissell also shies away from revealing much of the private man. What are we to make of a book called *The Young Vincent Massey* that spends only a sketchy seven or eight pages getting him to age 19? What were his driving conflicts: did he feel guilty over his inheritance and social position? And what was the mysterious "illness" that afflicted Mrs. Massey? Bissell forsakes his responsibility as a biographer by refusing to identify the ailment. As for Massey's faults, Bissell hints at a few, including a tendency to be overly critical of others and a susceptibility to well-bred flattery, but we rarely get to see these faults in action. The Massey that emerges is curiously devoid of both depth and shadow.

Instead, the public virtues are on display: the organizational powers, the diplomatic skills and, not least, the charming urbanity that made him such a popular ambassador to Washington in 1927. His increasingly liberal philosophy was strengthened by contact with young American radicals. Later, after he was elected head of the National Liberal Federation in 1932, he tried to revive the party with truly liberal ideas, but ran afoul of the dull pragmatism of Mackenzie King. In the end, Massey softened his tune and was rewarded by King with the job of high commissioner to London, a post he craved more than any other as a lover of Britain and things British. His view of Canada was in some ways that of a loyal colonial, but he worked constantly for the highest standard in the arts and in intellectual and political life. And while the private Vincent Massey may remain hidden in the first volume of Bissell's biography, the public qualities on view are essential to any nation.

— JOHN BEMROSE

The scalpel and the word

SOMETHING HIDDEN: A BIOGRAPHY OF WILDER PENFIELD
by Jefferson Lewis
(Doubleday $19.95)

Wilder Penfield died in 1976 at the age of 85. By the time of his death, his remarkable achievements as a surgeon and scientist in the study of the human brain had led him into a second career as a writer and public speaker on the moral implications of his work. Yet, in becoming the Grand Old Man of Canadian medicine, this American-born striver toward the light had in no way grown complacent nor allowed past successes to fuzz an insatiable curiosity. Explains Jefferson Lewis, Penfield's grandson and the author of this thoughtful biography of an exemplary life: "He was not so much a Renaissance man, as a Victorian activist, constantly in search of causes, impelled by the urge to intervene, the need to serve a greater good, the conviction that he had something to contribute."

This sense of purpose led to important discoveries in the cause and treatment of epilepsy and the role of the brain stem in the integration of perception, memory and behavior. But his scientific progress only begged the larger questions that he, as a Christian, felt he



PIERRE GOUDARD

Penfield: an insatiable curiosity



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could not ignore "I am a scientist and I believe in the soul," he declared. "Therefore there must be scientific theory to account for the soul."

His need for a challenge—to find the "something hidden" that Kipling speaks of in his poem *The Explorer*—can be traced in part to a strong willed mother. With three children in tow, Jean Jefferson Penfield had walked out on her ne'er-do-well husband, leaving Spokane, Wash., to return to her home town of Hudson, Wis. During her time of trial, she turned to God and the Bible. Wilder, the youngest son, became the major beneficiary of her intensified moral earnestness. Together, mother and son plotted his future, projecting a path that included Princeton and then Oxford and a Rhodes Scholarship. Once he had decided upon medicine, Penfield rose to prominence very quickly. He went to Montreal in 1928, when the Royal Victoria Hospital needed a chief neurosurgeon. Several years later, at the age of 43, he founded the Montreal Neurological Institute (MNI) which quickly became one of the most respected centres in the world for the study of the brain.

It would be surprising not to hear the occasional discordant note amid this litany of accomplishment. The long hours and intensity of the work placed strains on Penfield's marriage. There was the sad footnote to an illustrious partnership when Bill Cone, a valued colleague at the MNI, committed suicide, and Wilder was overcome with guilt at having been so unaware of Cone's troubles. And always there was the stress from what he called his "terrible profession," a branch of medicine where the risk remained so dauntingly high.

Perhaps Lewis could have allowed his grandfather fuller voice through his use of Penfield's unpublished diaries. He quotes liberally from the sections of Penfield's later life when he lamented the moral decline of the age. But the entries chronicling the years of greatest medical activity might have given us more opportunity to observe the rough edges which accompanied the high purpose. After Penfield performed his final operation in 1959, he recorded his ever-present apprehension in his diary: "It seems harder than ever to take such things. I wonder, too, whether my skill is really all I think it is, and all that others seem to think." Lewis fails to capture such fears as forcefully and simply as his subject. A couple of days before he died, Wilder Penfield managed to scrawl three last words in his diary: "Here I am." The words are a statement of faith: the stalwart pilgrim, awaiting his next—and grandest—adventure.

—JOHN LOWNSBROUGH

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1 **Noble House**, *Clavell (1)*
2 **Bodily Harm**, *Atwood (2)*
3 **Cujo**, *King (3)*
4 **The Hotel New Hampshire**, *Irving (4)*
5 **An Indecent Obsession**, *McCullough (5)*
6 **The Third Deadly Sin**, *Sanders (6)*
7 **How I Spent My Summer Holidays**, *Mitchell (9)*
8 **The Rebel Angels**, *Davies (8)*
9 **Bread Upon the Waters**, *Shaw (7)*
10 **God Emperor of Dune**, *Herbert (10)*

Nonfiction

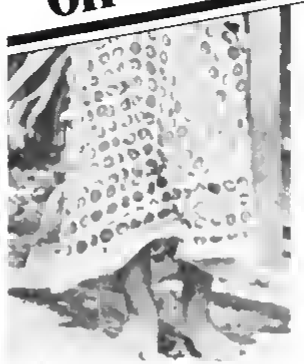
1 **The Acquisitors**, *Newman (2)*
2 **Flames Across the Border**, *Benton (1)*
3 **The Art of Robert Bateman**, *Davy (3)*
4 **The Lord God Made Them All**, *Herriot (4)*
5 **Invitation to a Royal Wedding**, *Spink (5)*
6 **Men of Property**, *Goldenberg (9)*
7 **The Eagle's Gift**, *Cushunda (7)*
8 **The Beverly Hills Diet**, *Mazel (6)*
9 **Cosmos**, *Sagan (8)*
10 **The Secret Life of the Unborn Child**, *Verny (10)*

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FILMS

Diving for dollars



Williams and Harrold: happiness in America means cold, hard cash

THE PURSUIT OF D B COOPER
Directed by Roger Spottiswoode

Everybody in *The Pursuit of D B Cooper*, a chipper satiric gem, is on the hustle and everybody has his price. The title is double-edged, referring to the man who in 1971 jumped from a 727 with $200,000 (he was never found), and to the pursuit of happiness, AKA cold, hard cash, in America. In fictionalizing the real D B Cooper and what might have happened to him, the movie seldom flags in invention, at its most kinetic it is reminiscent of the whirligig work of *The Stunt Man*, careering cheerily like the best of chase movies, while operating on a larger satiric level.

In Jeffrey Alan Fiskin's screenplay, D B Cooper is assumed to be Meade (Treat Williams), a Vietnam vet with a taste for sloppy adventure and a habit of dropping his wife, Hannah (Kathryn Harrold), an occasional postcard. The woman has had it with his "s----eatin' grin," yet it's just that grin and Meade's disregard for the conventional way of life that seduces her into going on the lam with him. (You get the feeling that when these two make it, the Earth—and Mars and Venus—moves.) Hot on their tail are Gruen (Robert Duvall), Meade's former army boss, now an insurance investigator, and Remson (Paul Gleason), an army buddy who is greasier than a griddle in a cheap diner.

The mechanics of pursuit in *D B Cooper* have a kicky variety on a raft down a river with churning rapids, on horseback, in an old one-seater airplane—everything except a camel. For the pursuers and pursued it's all a lark, but the folksy types they pass along the route take money very seriously: a cowboy wheels and deals while selling Remson an old car—someone else's; a distraught stewardess who had been locked in the john sobers up at the mention of a reward.

The director, scriptwriter and cast of *D B Cooper* strike every note with the right amount of pressure so that its sprightliness is never overshadowed by weightier matters. With both qualities balanced, the movie is just what November needs. —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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Ziegler (left), Lineham: an excess of intimacy has not yielded wisdom

THEATRE

Familiar quotations

THE RIDDLE OF THE WORLD
by David French
Directed by Bill Glassco

With due respect to its eminent author and equally eminent director, this is a terrible play. The successful collaboration of David French and Bill Glassco at the Tarragon Theatre on works such as *Leaving Home* and *Jitters* is legendary, but this time an excess of intimacy has not yielded a treasure-house of wisdom. Although French deserves praise for attempting an ambitious comedy of ideas in unenlightened times, *The Riddle of the World* is formless and callow, and for this Glassco is partly responsible.

Ron the stockbroker (Joe Ziegler) has been sharing his chic Toronto apartment with Bethany (Terri Chermack), a lifestyle freak who has been persuaded by her guru to embrace the cosmic light instead of Ron. Armed with Old Testament quotations provided by his ex-priest buddy Steve (Hardee Lineham), Ron fails to convince Bethany that sexiness is next to godliness, and she splits for India. Deserted in turn by *his* wife, Steve moves in with Ron. He brings more literate (Alexander Pope and T S Eliot) yet equally ineffectual artillery to bear on Ron's obsession with Bethany and his fruitless attempts to blot out her memory with one-night stands. Steve then becomes attracted to his lawyer (male), while Ron implausibly decides that sex isn't so hot after all and tosses Freud and Jung at Steve to prevent him from plunging into the homosexual abyss. Steve leaves, and Ron retires into his own (linen) closet to let off some "om."

In focusing the play on Ron's unsympathetic macho sensibility, French has risked a great deal—and lost. Simultaneously obtuse and literate, the character makes little sense, especially since Ziegler has wallpapered the fissures in his personality with monochrome bluster. Potentially dramatic confrontations are drained of impact by not being acted out onstage. Instead, they are recapitulated in laborious one liners. Ron reads Steve's divorce papers out loud for no apparent reason other than to garner easy laughs. Trumped-up sitcom situations abound, and when Ron assumes that Steve is going to commit suicide just because he's locked himself in the bathroom, *Riddle* begins to read like an episode of *Dallas* scripted by Bernard Shaw. Furthermore, formal debates on sexuality employing the concepts of eros and agape are rare enough today that these scenes, with their extensive quotations, require a stylized staging beyond the scope of Glassco's naturalistic treatment.

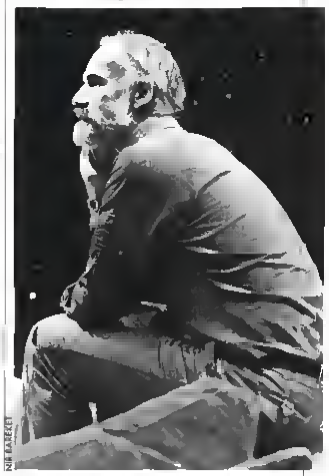
French succeeds best with Steve, and Lineham's interpretation is both controlled and engaging. Mary Wilcox and Lora Staley as Ron's pickups rise above the vague misogyny clouding the dialogue to deliver refreshing satiric turns. At one point, Ron asks, "Even if life is an illusion, does that make the pain any less real?" The question could apply just as well to *The Riddle of the World*. —MARK CZARNECKI

Farewell to the first golden era

"Trust me" exhorted the T-shirt worn by artistic director Bill Glassco at the recent Toronto opening of David French's new play. For 10 years, many of Canada's best playwrights (French, James Reaney, Michel Tremblay) and actors (Clare Coulter, Patricia Ludwick, R H Thomson) have been doing just that. Founded by Glassco and his former wife Jane, in 1971, Tarragon Theatre opened its doors at the beginning of an incredibly fertile season which saw more than 50 new Canadian works premiered in Toronto alone. In contrast to more experimental theatres such as Factory Theatre Lab, Theatre Passe Muraille, Toronto Free Theatre and Toronto Workshop Productions, Tarragon quickly became identified with a new Canadian realism and catapulted plays such as French's *Of the Fields Lately* and David Freeman's *Creeps* into regional stages across the country. Supported by a loyal subscription audience which regularly fills Tarragon's tiny 220 seat theatre, Glassco as dramaturge and director was famous for establishing close personal ties with his co-workers. "I feel my forte has always been realizing a script through the actors," he says.

Now Glassco, 46, wants out and has named Urjo Kareda, 37, former *Toronto Star* drama critic and Stratford Festival dramaturge, as his successor as of June, 1982. Since Kareda is relatively inexperienced as a director, the offer

Glassco: leaving the blandness behind



surprised the theatre community, including Karada, who confesses he was "totally flummoxed." Glassco's departure, however, was not unexpected. Already concerned in 1979 that Tarragon's success was stifling its innovative potential, he served up a strong dose of abrasive plays to his conservative audience, which did not go down well with them—or the critics. "I want to continue doing plays which define our culture," explains Glassco, but for him that now means mounting classics and foreign works on larger stages so that he can develop as a director in addition to working on new plays by French and Tremblay. He also believes Canadian culture is unique largely because of Quebec, and hopes to live part-time in his native province starting next fall. "I hate the blandness, the whitewash of being English Canadian," he says. "When I'm in Quebec and talking French I feel a craziness inside me I don't feel elsewhere."

Glassco's unflagging commitment to bring Quebec theatre to English Canada has met with some resistance. Because of what he feels to be prejudicial criticism in Toronto, Tremblay himself no longer wants his plays produced there. Glassco too expresses bitterness about the city's press. "Critics here don't convey a sense of an artist's continuing worth," he says. "They're ungenerous—they say a play is good or bad and that's it." Ironically, one of Tarragon's biggest boosters in the early years was Kareda himself, who feels that "It's difficult if the media isn't part of the process. It's a small enough community that there's no reason the media shouldn't be part of it."



THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Kareda: an option to switch dreams

Despite the success of Tarragon's writers' workshop programs and its Maggie Bassett Studio, which provides training in acting, movement and direction for theatre professionals, Glassco acknowledges a slackening in his original mandate to do new work. Kareda therefore seems an optimal choice, given his current job as director of script development at CBC Radio Drama, and he hopes to acquire more space in the Tarragon building for playwrights' workshops. Forecasting a mix of Canadian and foreign contemporary works, Kareda is already talking to Martha Henry and William Hutt about returning to the Toronto stage.

Although Glassco has no immediate plans ("I need to stop working so that I can find out what I really want to do"), he has masterfully avoided the wars of succession that plagued Stratford and made Kareda available for the job in the first place. "Bill has had a rare chance to act out his dreams for a decade," says Kareda. "The question now is 'Do we want to plug into this dream or do we switch dreams?'" Reaction from Toronto's theatre community has been positive, and Passe Muraille's veteran artistic director, Paul Thompson, hopes that Kareda will recover the "unbridled enthusiasm" of his drama critic days. "Welcome to the steam bath," says Thompson. "Toronto theatre has got to be kicked around—I hope he jumps in with both feet flying." —M C

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COLUMN

This is the way we build the land



By Allan Fotheringham

One of the abiding sins of journalism is that when the package to be contemplated is dull and incomprehensible, the tendency is to concentrate on the tinsel. The premature whoops of joy on Mr. Trudeau's ramshackle constitution fall into this category. With the public feeling faint from ennui and irritation about the long, boring battle, the press seized upon the miracle of the "Kitchen Constitution"—patched together late at night on scraps of paper by second-stringers who devised a compromise. Only now, as the package flies apart, is all the Scotch tape and binder twine visible. Even the prime minister does not like what he has wrought, calling it an "abject failure."

He should know. He brought it on himself. The man who tried an end-run around the provinces and most of public opinion at the finish was on the retreat, the premiers having cornered him through patience (with a little help from Bora and the Supremes). The whole noble act of creation of a nation's constitution got down to 3:30 a.m. haggling in a hotel bedroom. All it needed was the private eye on a ladder outside the window of the Chateau Laurier and the farce would have been complete. A constitution born of adultery.

Pierre Trudeau's concept of nation-building is a peculiar one. The man who came to Ottawa in the first place to keep Quebec within Confederation and to preserve a country decided to cap his career by going to war with the provinces and alienating most of the premiers with whom he had to work. Because the patriation of the constitution (from its silly resting spot across an ocean in the hands of a foreign nation) was the ultimate target of his whole political career, he decided to achieve it by insulting the heads of the provinces, belittling them and calling them mere horse traders.

The result of all this? On that final panic-stricken night in Ottawa, with politicians ricocheting from suite to suite like confused swains in a French comedy, the high-minded feds ended up wheeling and dealing with those despised premiers in a scene that resembled the Casablanca carpet-dealers convention. Swap this. Swap that. Override this. Override that. This is the way a country is born. Not in full view of the public, as the proud (and more democratic) Americans would have demanded in similar circumstances, but at 3:30 a.m. in Allan Blakeney's bedroom.

Pierre Trudeau's stubborn vow that he would go to Westminster alone was never going to work. His insistence on deadlines (remember July 1?) to fit in with his own personal plans for retirement was never going to work. His claim that he was justified in acting unilaterally because repatriation had been stalled for 54 years was nonsense. His usual intellectual flimflam. The public has only become interested in the issue in the past three years, and public opinion has slowly coalesced (to be ignored after midnight in hotel rooms). We were getting there, in our own fuddling and delaying Canadian way. What the public did not count on was a clutch of conspirators tossing out human rights in all-night sessions like spare cabbages too heavy for the shopping basket.



How is a country built? After the yards of constitutional lawyers have unravelled their tongues? The present unsatisfactory result comes, partially, from a chance meeting in Mamma Teresa's Tavern Restaurant between Saskatchewan's Blakeney and Ontario's Bill Davis. A Magna Carta on an Ottawa checkered tablecloth. Dignified stuff. It's now known among the cognoscenti as the Cannelloni Accord. Watch the tomato sauce. Wouldn't want it to drip on women's rights.

How is a country built? The Kitchen Constitution that formed the basis for the patchwork compromise that formed the deal that drove Quebec closer to separation that put the sieve in the house that Jack built? Scribbled on bits of paper in a spare pantry by Roy McMurtry, Roy Romanow and Jean Chrétien. McMurtry is a Tory. Romanow is a social democrat. Chrétien is a Liberal. All are in their 40s, energetic, ambitious. All are blocked from the jobs they want. McMurtry sits waiting behind Buttermilk Billy Davis. Romanow grows wrinkles on his Robert Redford eyelashes waiting for Blakeney to go. Chrétien wants Mr. Trudeau's job so much his drool is showing. They want to make a name for themselves. So they do the Casablanca rug merchant bit.

How is a country built? In that late-night session, proudly announced to the populace on the telly the next morning. Manitoba's Sterling Lyon was no longer there, gone home to put the finishing touches on losing an election. B.C.'s Bill Bennett, exhausted, had retired to his pillow, leaving aides to "bargain." P.E.I.'s Angus MacLean, retiring in a few days, wasn't a factor. The boys didn't even bother waking René Lévesque, their companion in the long struggle of the Gang of Eight. That's the way a country is built, a Rube Goldberg bleary-eyed creation that comes apart almost immediately.

The prime minister, in his contempt for the premiers, always said their concept of the constitution didn't extend beyond swapping "fish" for "oil." In the end, he did something worse. He swapped human rights like rugs. The 51 per cent of the population that is female? Out the window. Native rights? Out. It loses him the support of the NDP, that, shakily, was going to bear him to Westminster. The Chateau Laurier was turned into Casablanca because of—as the Supreme Court hinted—Pierre Trudeau's basic lack of understanding of what democracy is all about.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southam News.



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